STING

IF ON A WINTER'S NIGHT...

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WISE PUBLICATIONS
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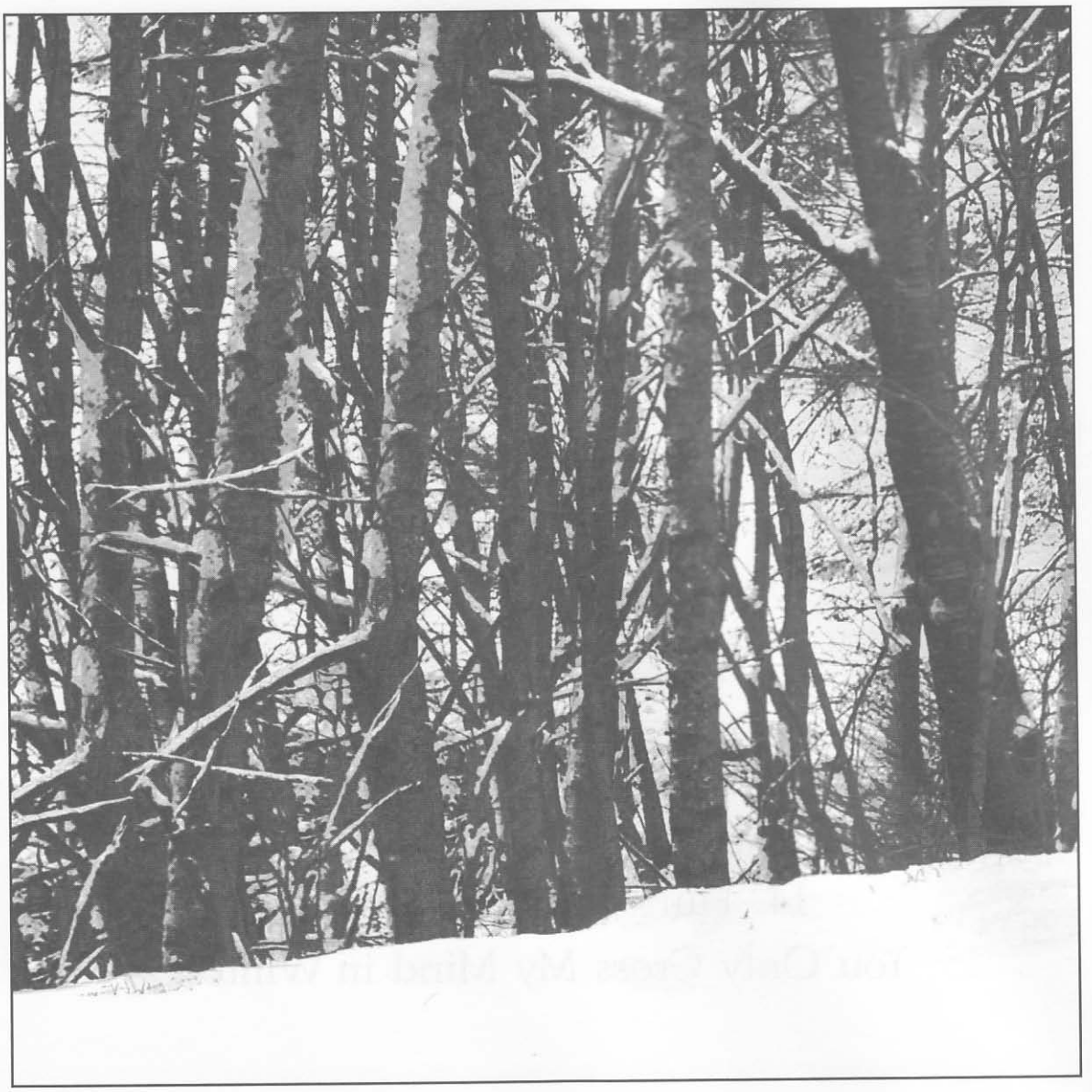
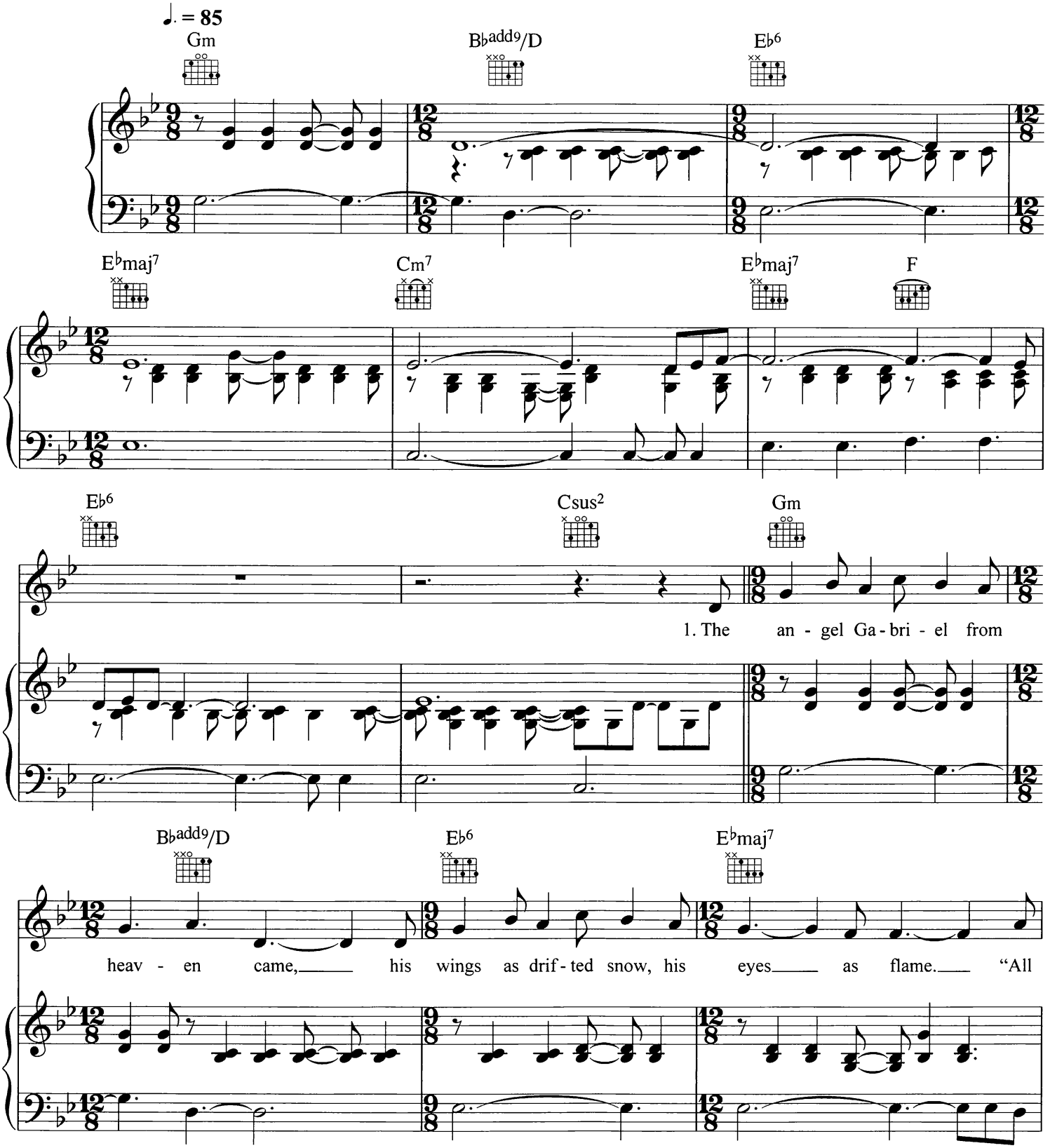


GABRIEL'S MESSAGE

Traditional
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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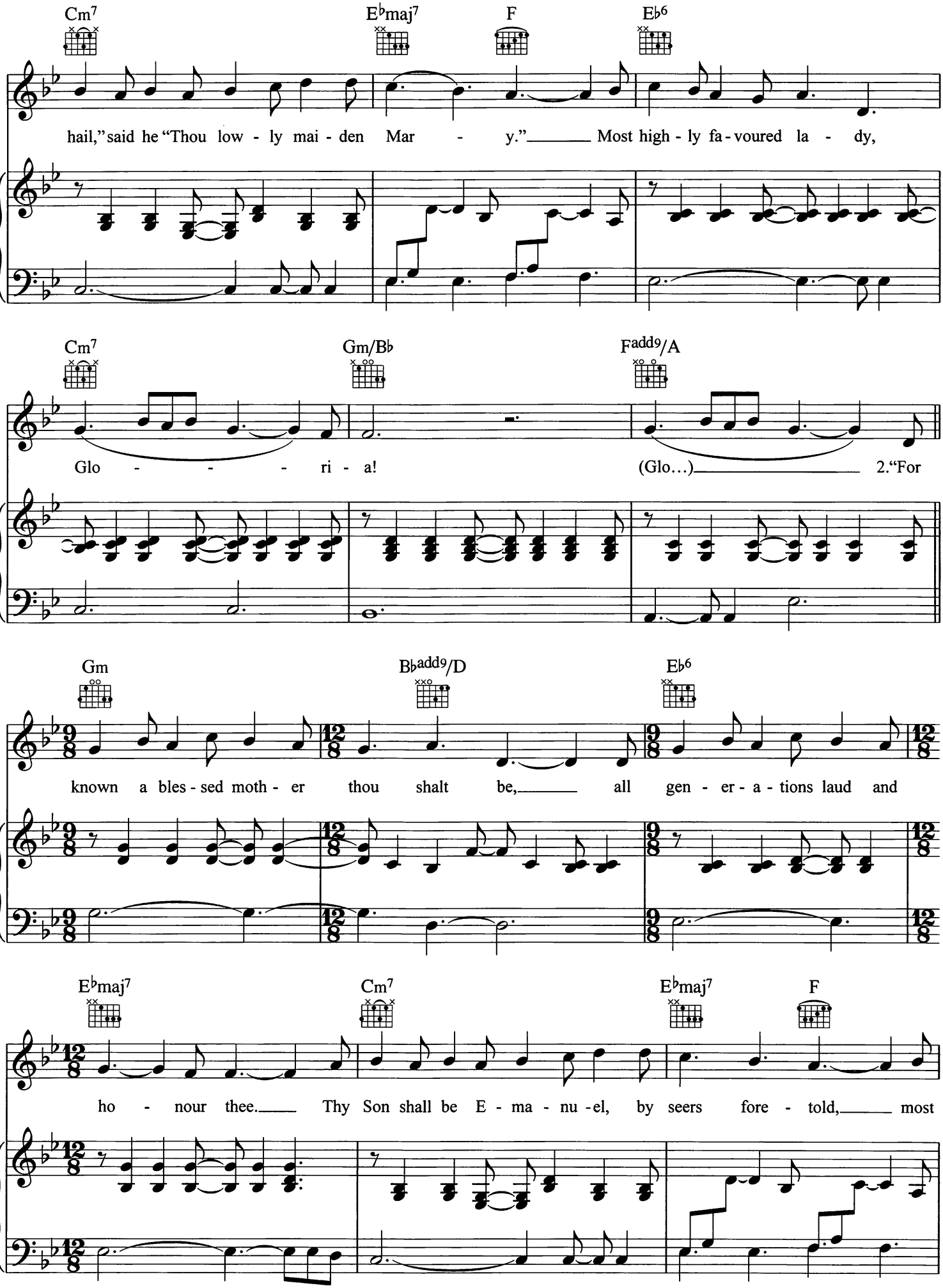
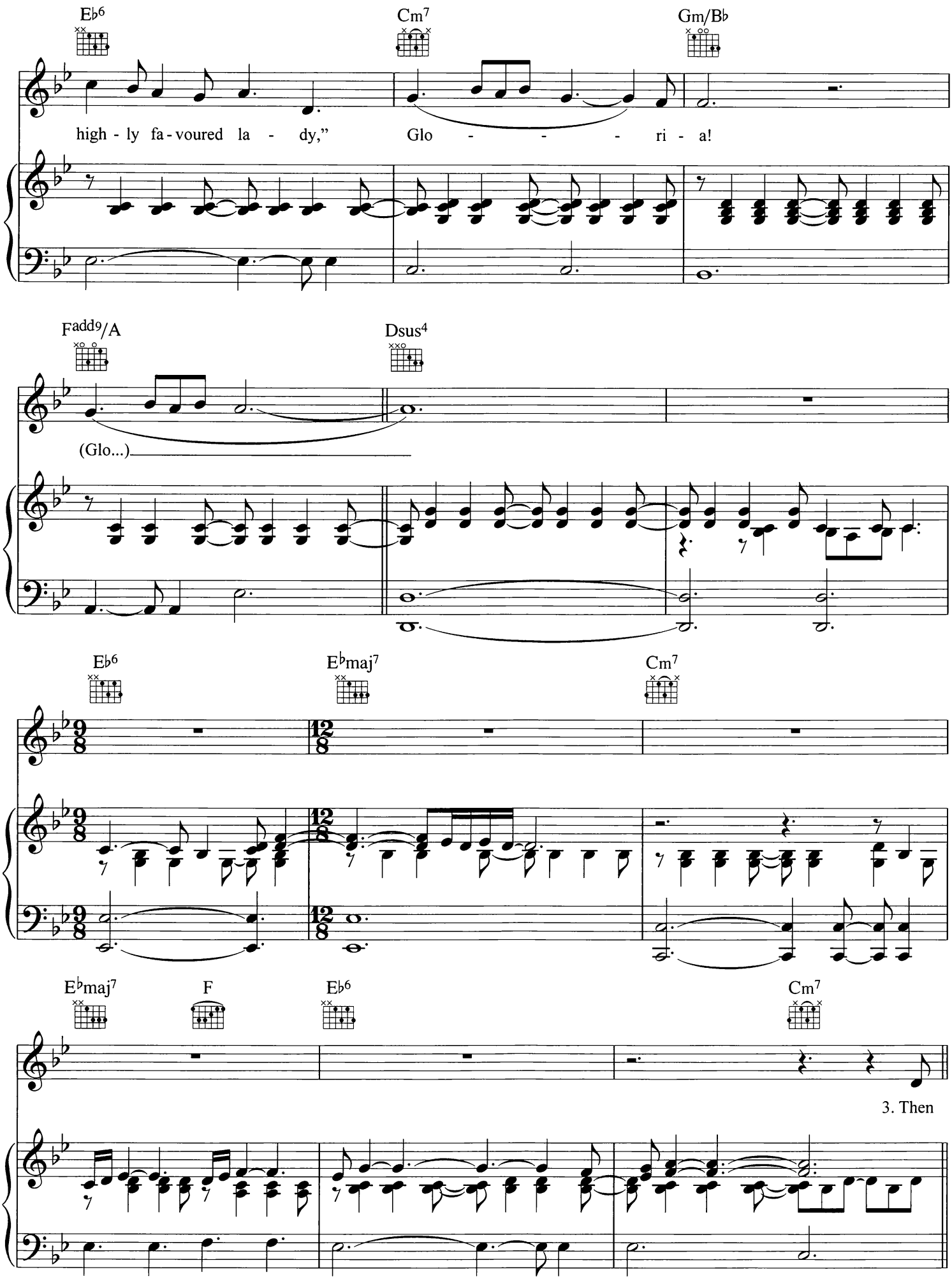
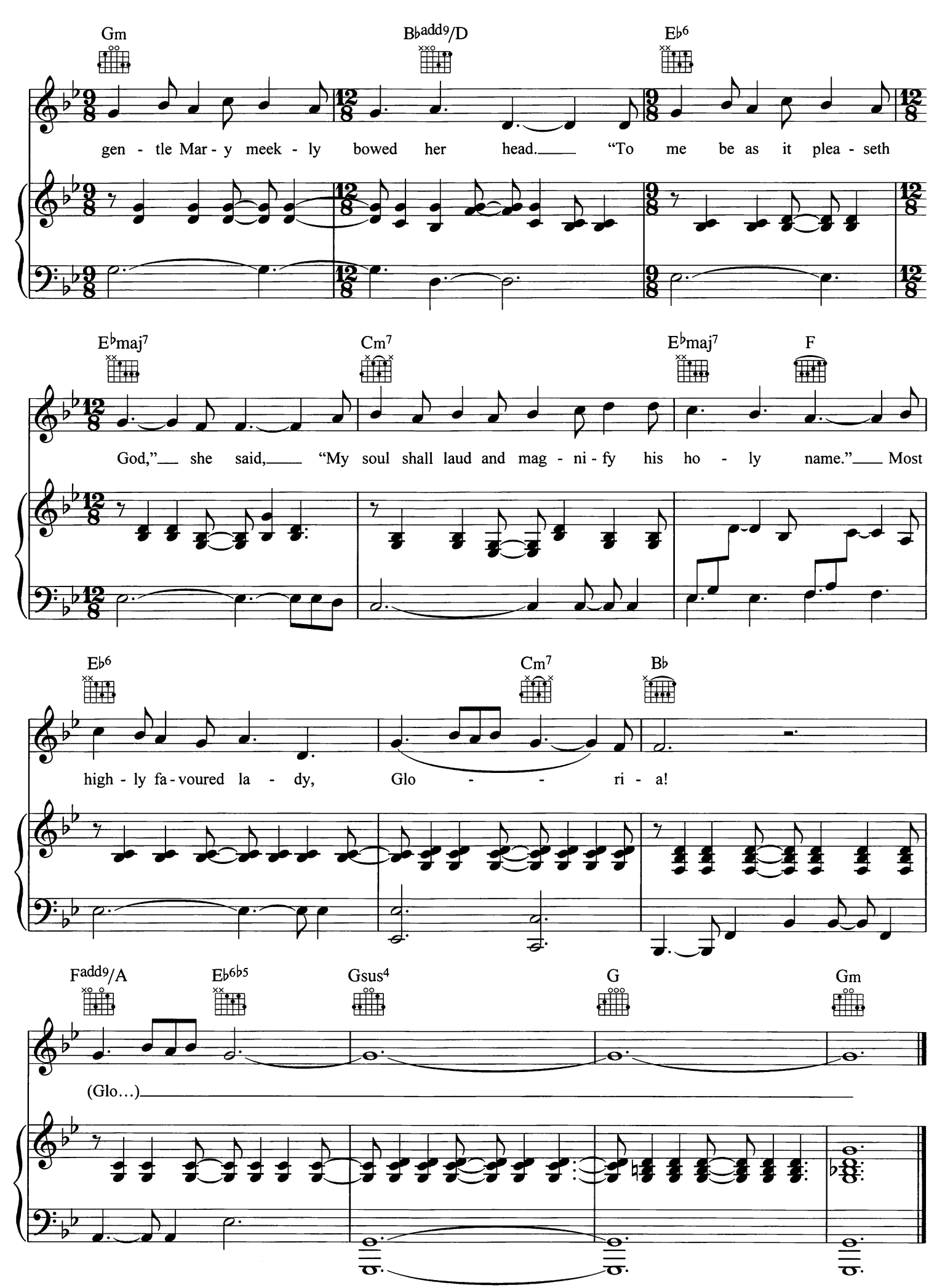
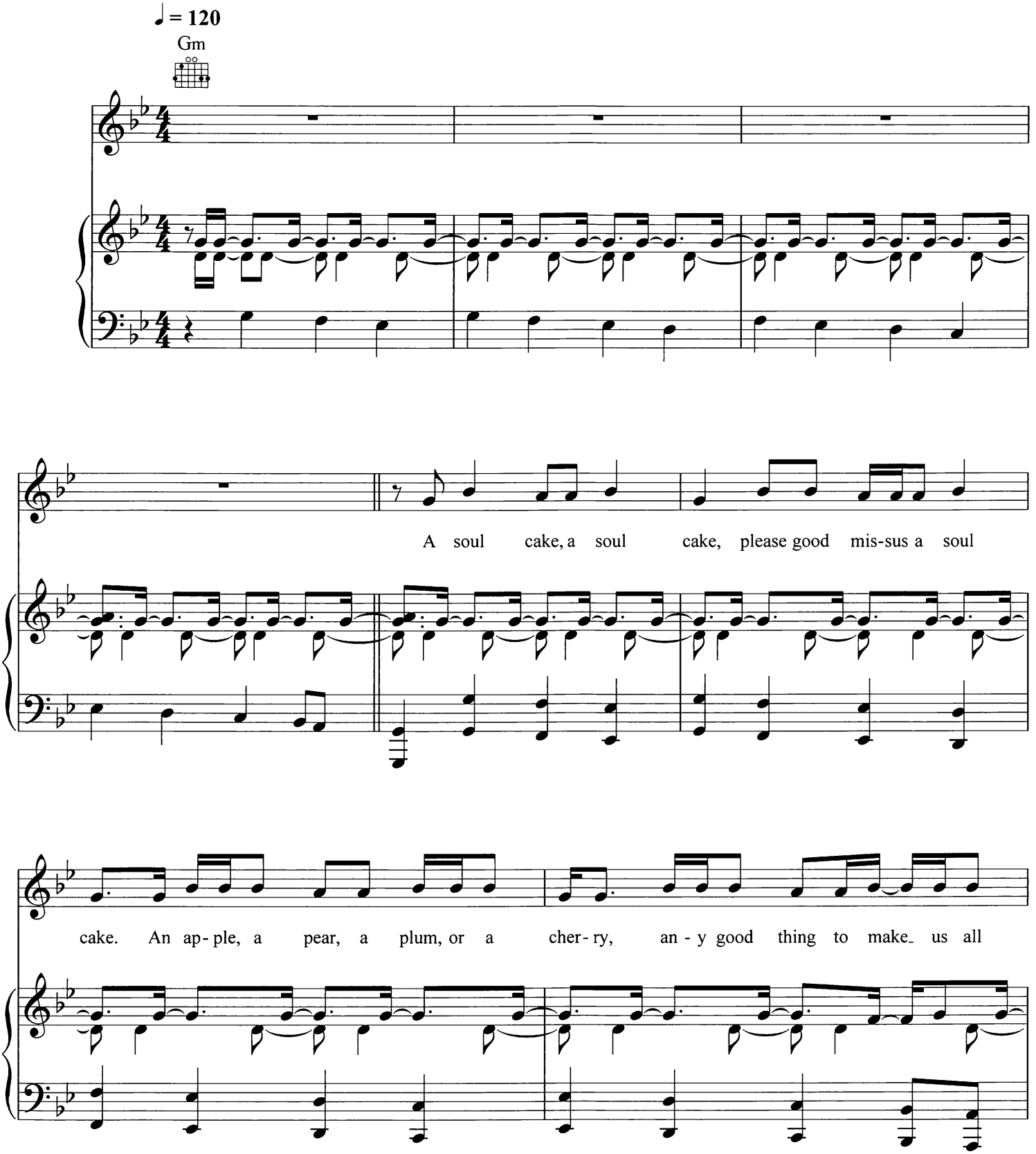

Cm7
E♭maj7
F
E♭6
hail," said he "Thou low - ly mai - den Mar - y." Most high - ly fa - voured la - dy,
Cm7
Gm/B♭
Fadd9/A
Glo - - - - ri - a! (Glo...) 2."For
Gm
B♭add9/D
E♭6
known a bles - sed moth - er thou shalt be, all gen - er - a - tions laud and
E♭maj7
Cm7
E♭maj7
F
ho - nour thee. Thy Son shall be E - ma - nu - el, by seers fore - told, most


E♭6
Cm7
Gm/B♭
high - ly fa - voured la - dy,"
Glo - - - ri - a!
Fadd9/A
Dsus4
(Glo...)
E♭6
E♭maj7
Cm7
E♭maj7
F
E♭6
Cm7
3. Then


Gm
B♭add9/D
E♭6
gen - tle Mar - y meek - ly bowed her head. "To me be as it plea - seth
E♭maj7
Cm7
E♭maj7
F
God," she said, "My soul shall laud and mag - ni - fy his ho - ly name." Most
E♭6
Cm7
B♭
high - ly fa - voured la - dy, Glo - - ri - a!
Fadd9/A
E♭6b5
Gsus4
G
Gm
(Glo...)

SOUL CAKE

Music and Lyrics by Paul Stookey, Tracey Batteast
and Elena Mezzetti



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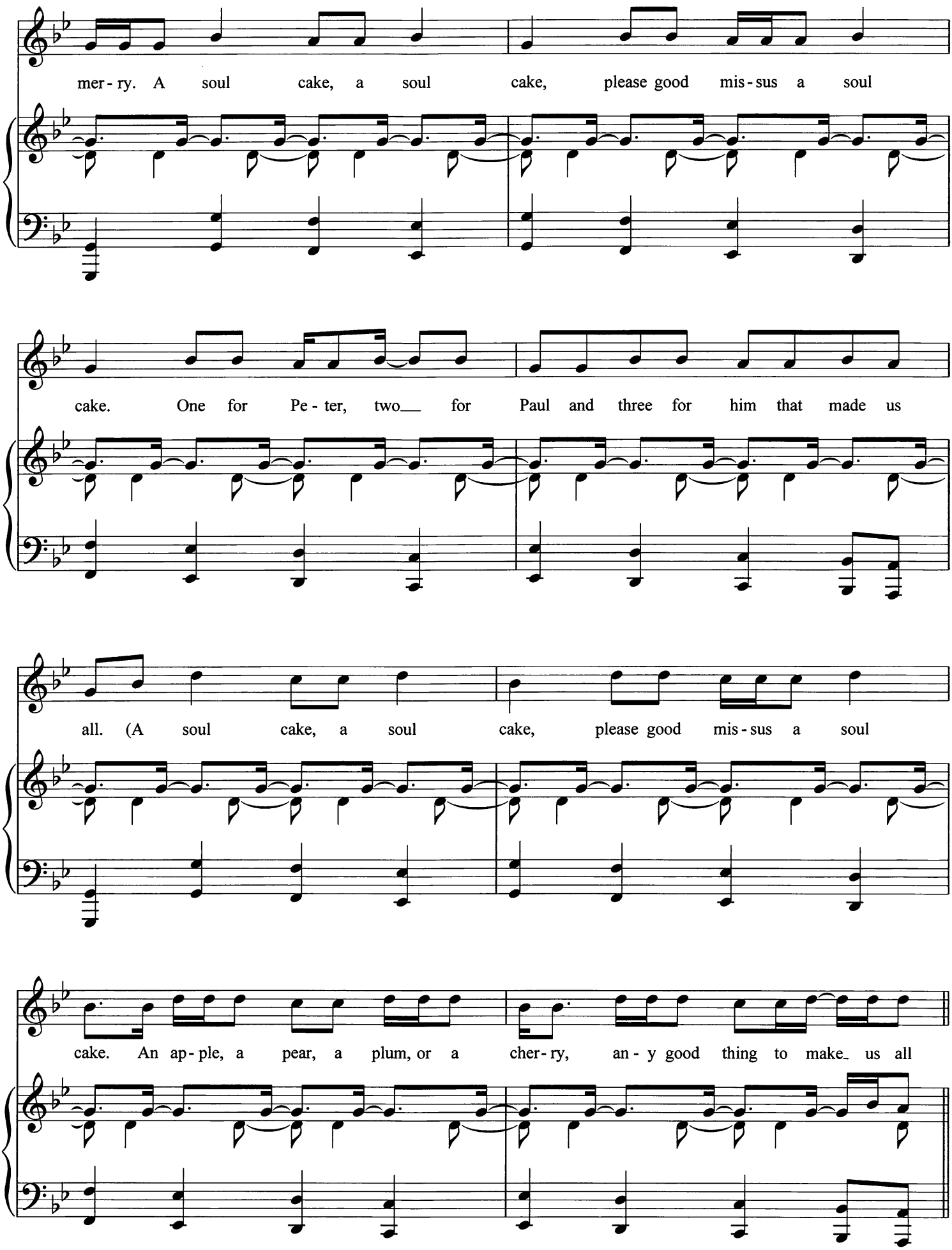
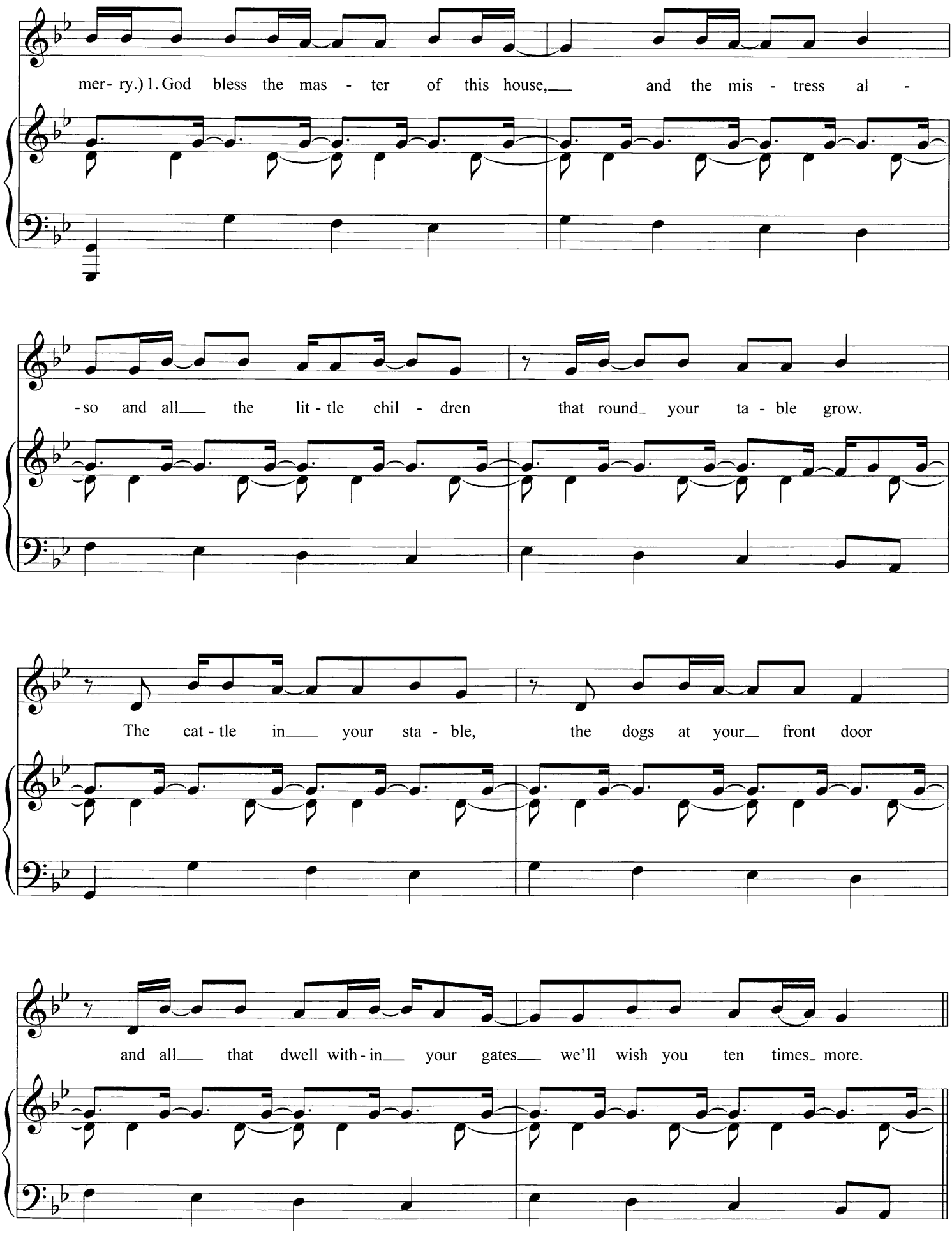
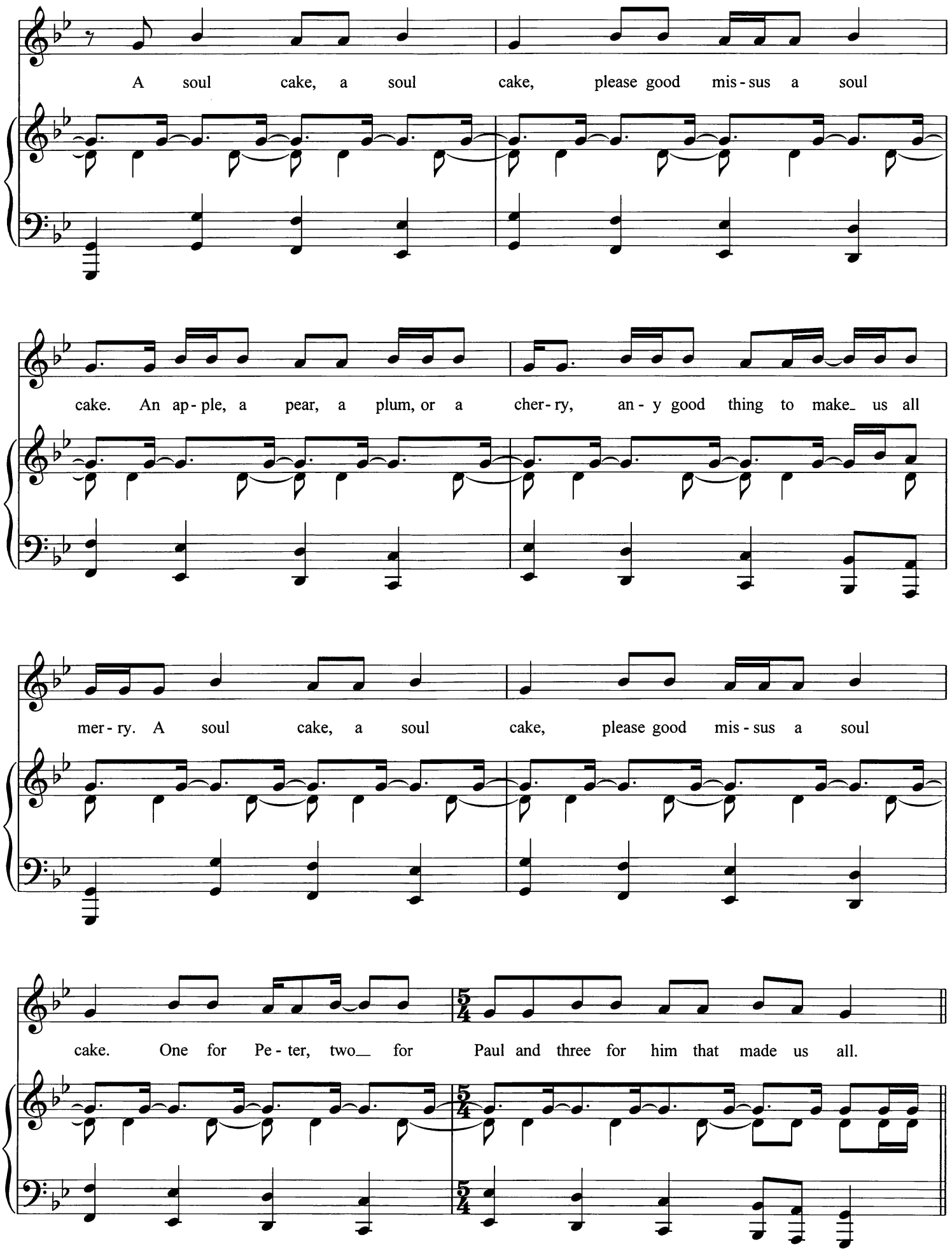
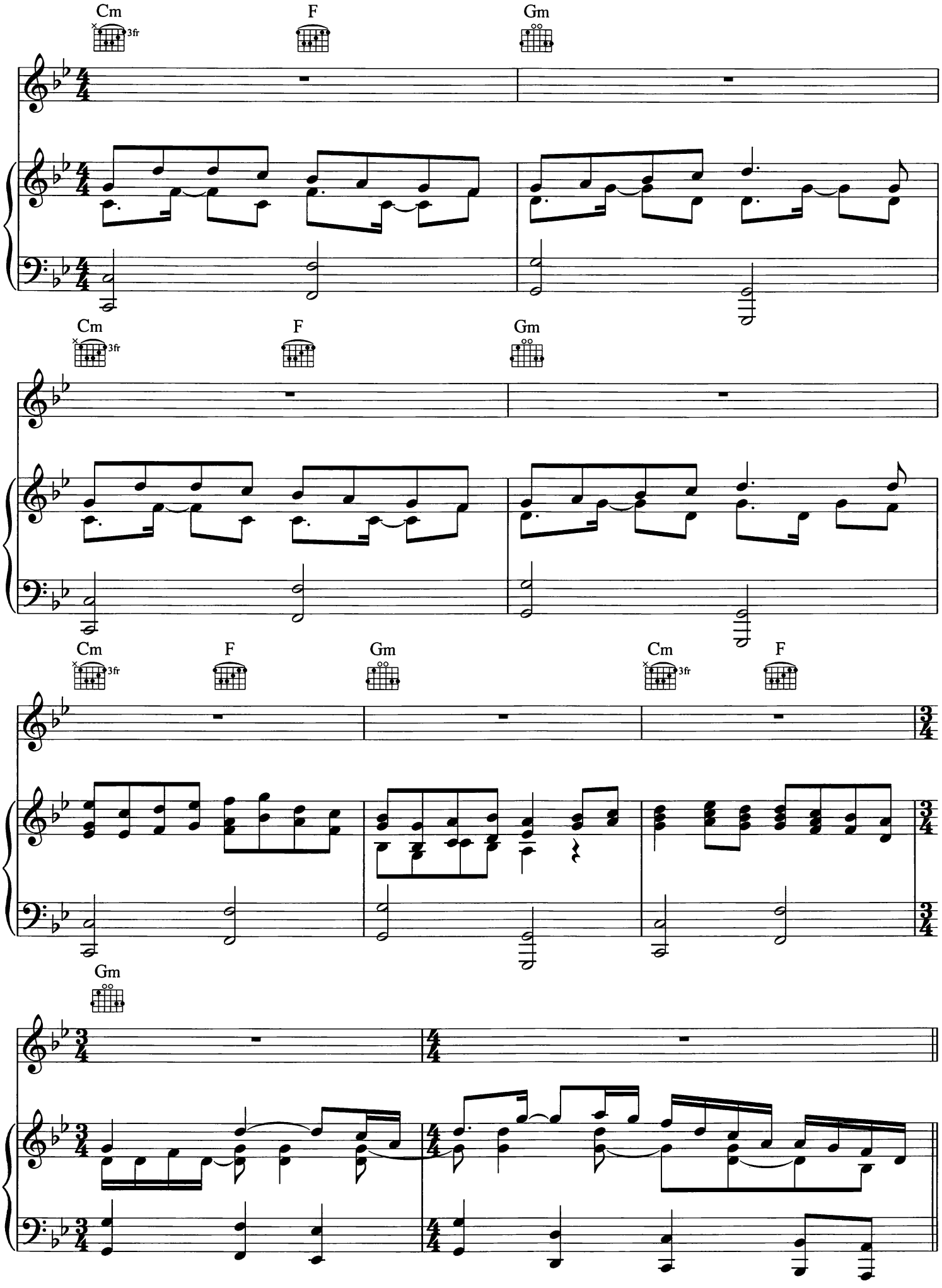
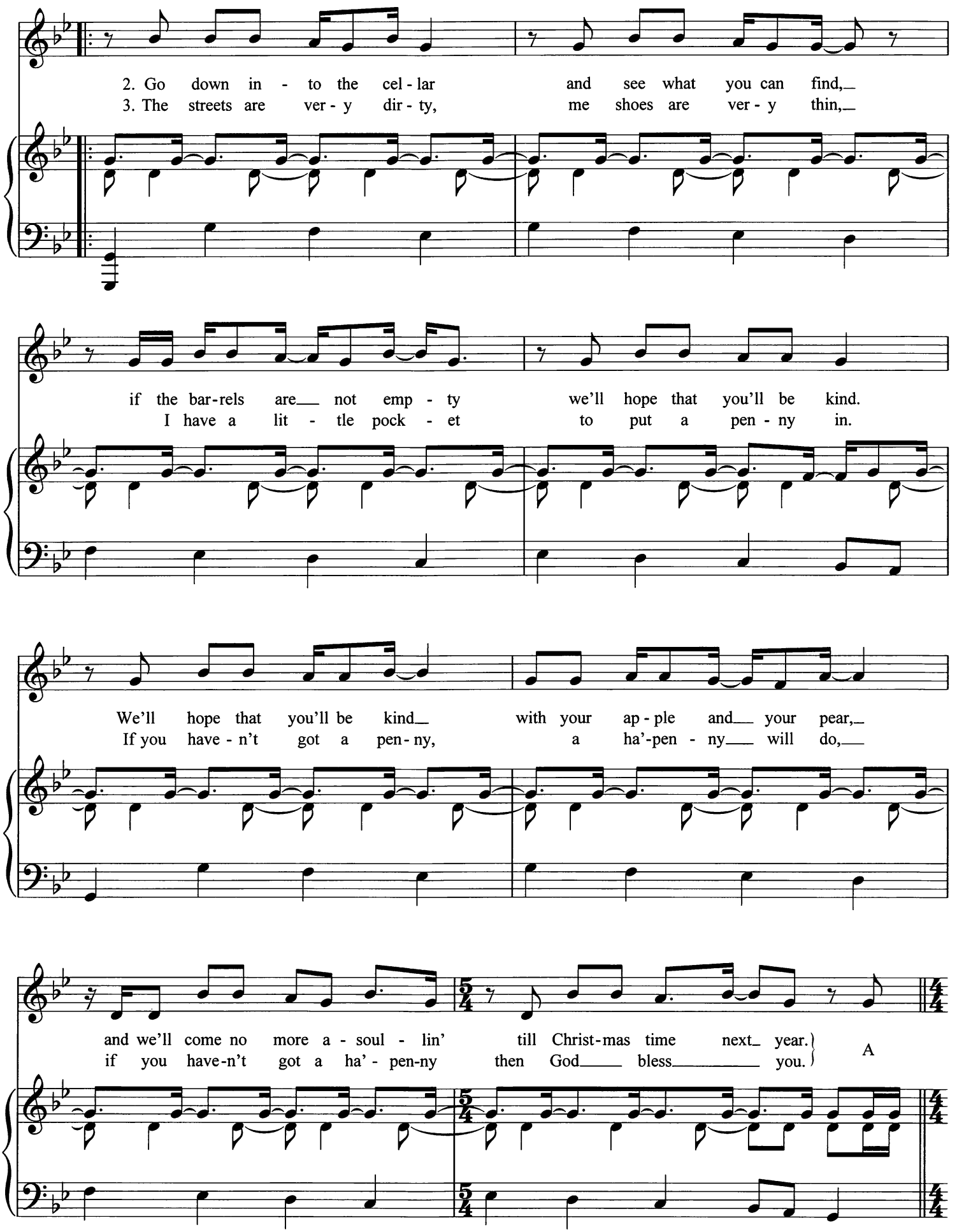
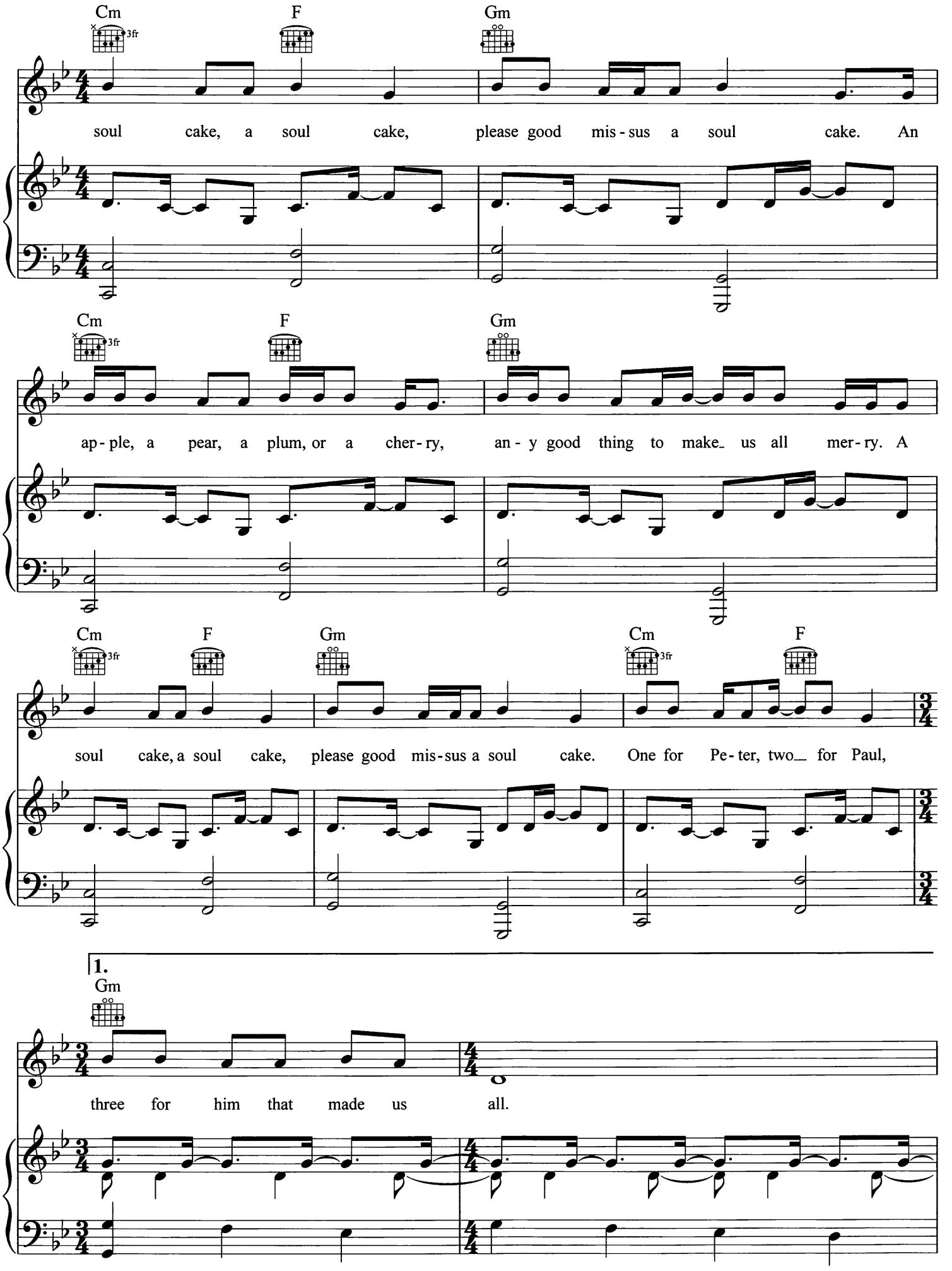

mer - ry. A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis - sus a soul
cake. One for Pe - ter, two___ for Paul and three for him that made us
all. (A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis - sus a soul
cake. An ap - ple, a pear, a plum, or a cher - ry, an - y good thing to make_ us all


mer- ry.) 1. God bless the mas - ter of this house, and the mis - tress al -
-so and all the lit - tle chil - dren that round your ta - ble grow.
The cat - tle in your sta - ble, the dogs at your front door
and all that dwell with - in your gates we'll wish you ten times more.


A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis - sus a soul
cake. An ap - ple, a pear, a plum, or a cher - ry, an - y good thing to make_ us all
mer - ry. A soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis - sus a soul
cake. One for Pe - ter, two_ for Paul and three for him that made us all.


Cm
3fr
F
Gm
Cm
3fr
F
Gm
Cm
3fr
F
Gm
Cm
3fr
F
Gm


2. Go down in - to the cel - lar and see what you can find,
3. The streets are ver - y dir - ty, me shoes are ver - y thin,
if the bar-rels are not emp - ty we'll hope that you'll be kind.
I have a lit - tle pock - et to put a pen - ny in.
We'll hope that you'll be kind with your ap - ple and your pear,
If you have - n't got a pen - ny, a ha'-pen - ny will do,
and we'll come no more a - soul - lin' till Christ-mas time next year.
if you have-n't got a ha' - pen-ny then God bless you.
A


Cm
3fr
F
Gm
soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis - sus a soul cake. An
ap - ple, a pear, a plum, or a cher - ry, an - y good thing to make_ us all mer - ry. A
soul cake, a soul cake, please good mis - sus a soul cake. One for Pe - ter, two_ for Paul,
1.
three for him that made us all.

2.

Gm

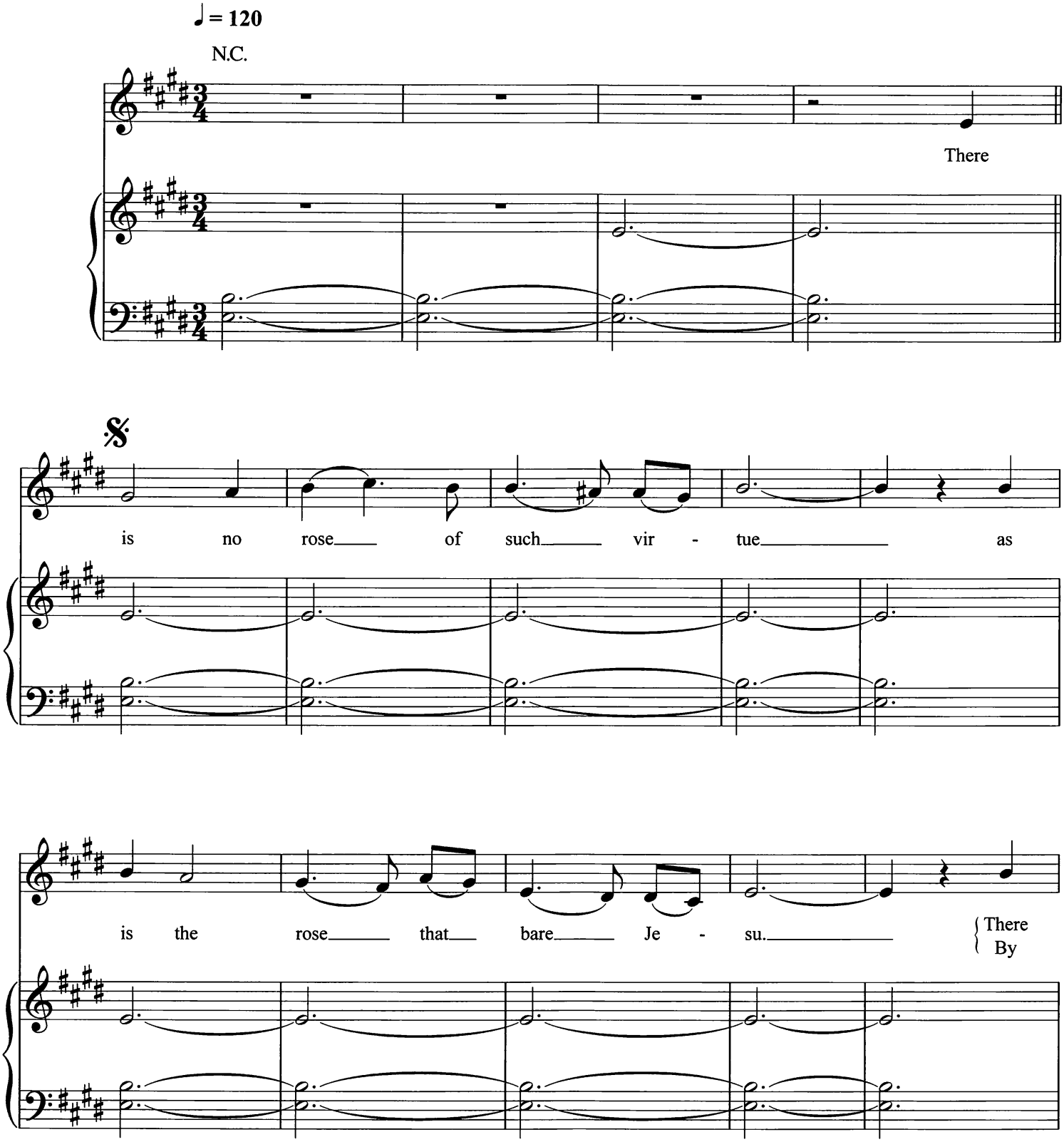
three for him that made us all.

G5

3fr

THERE IS NO ROSE OF SUCH VIRTUE

Traditional
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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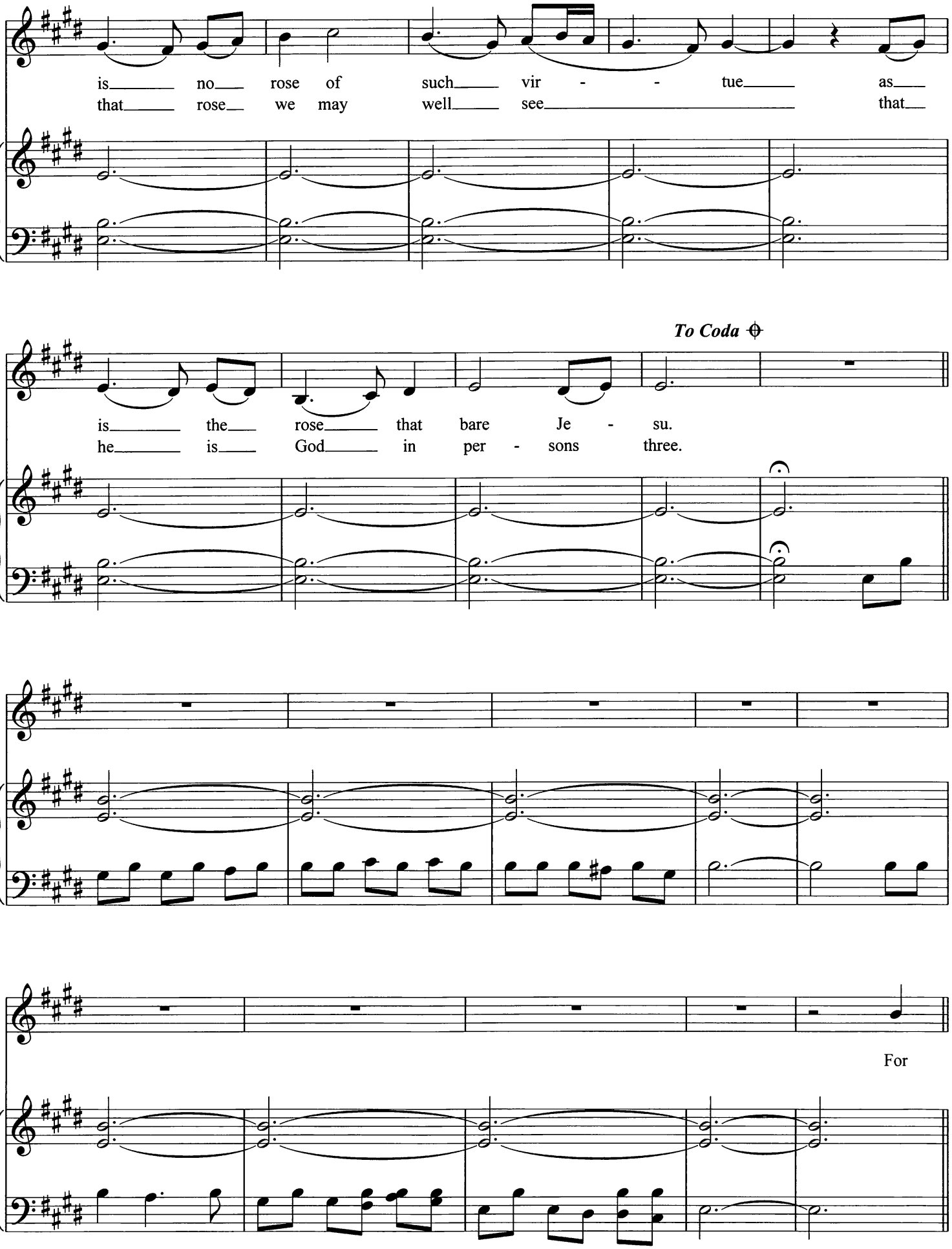
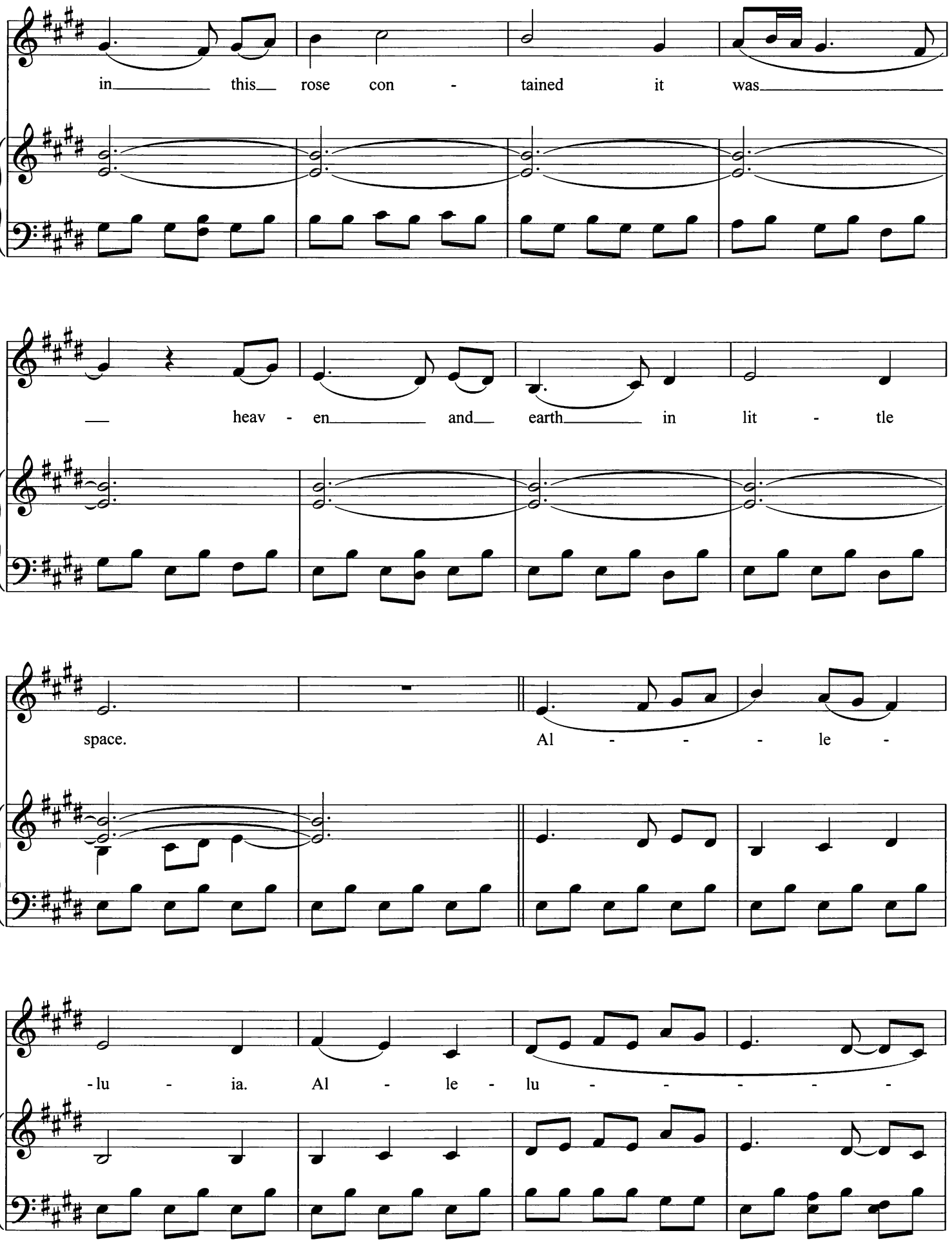
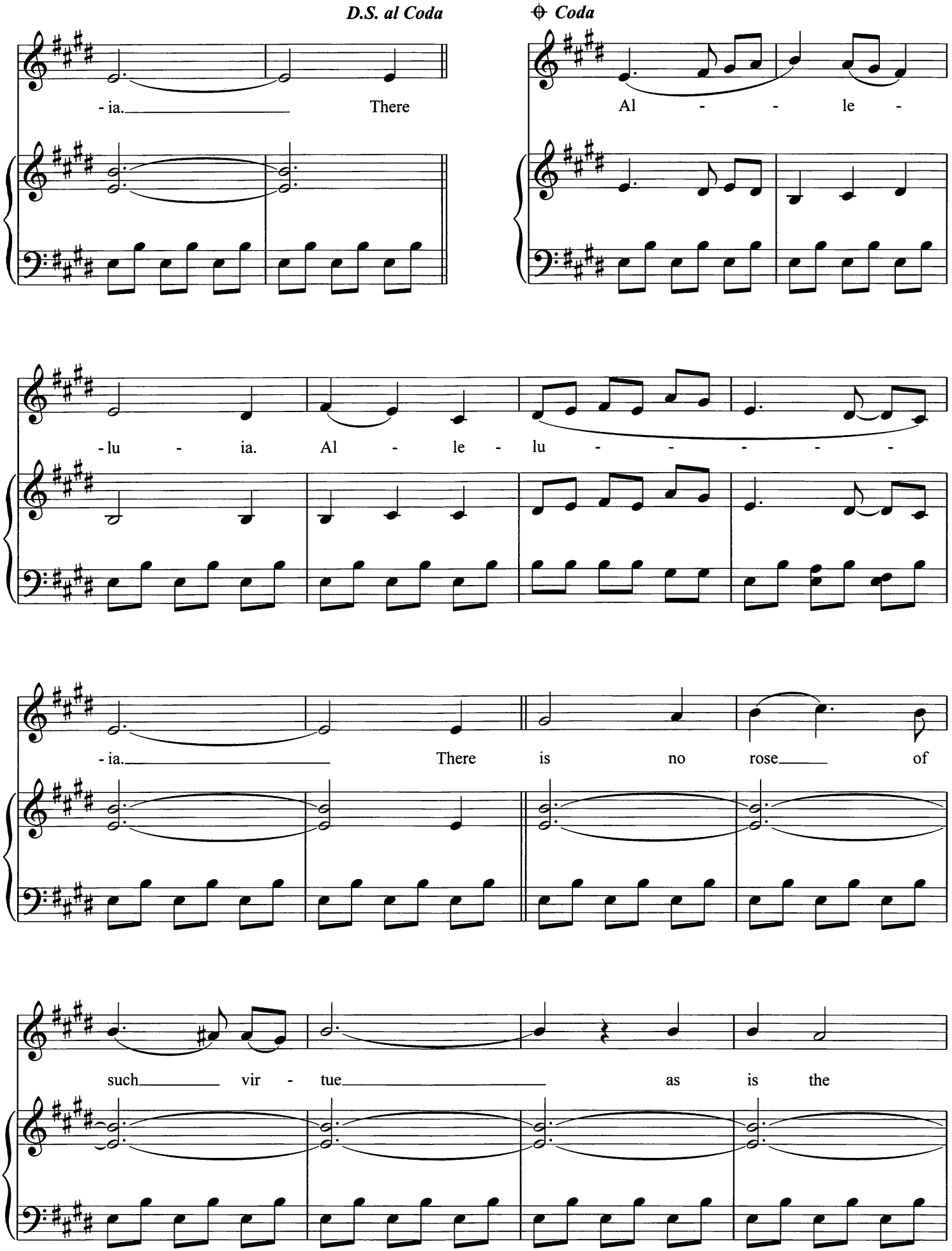
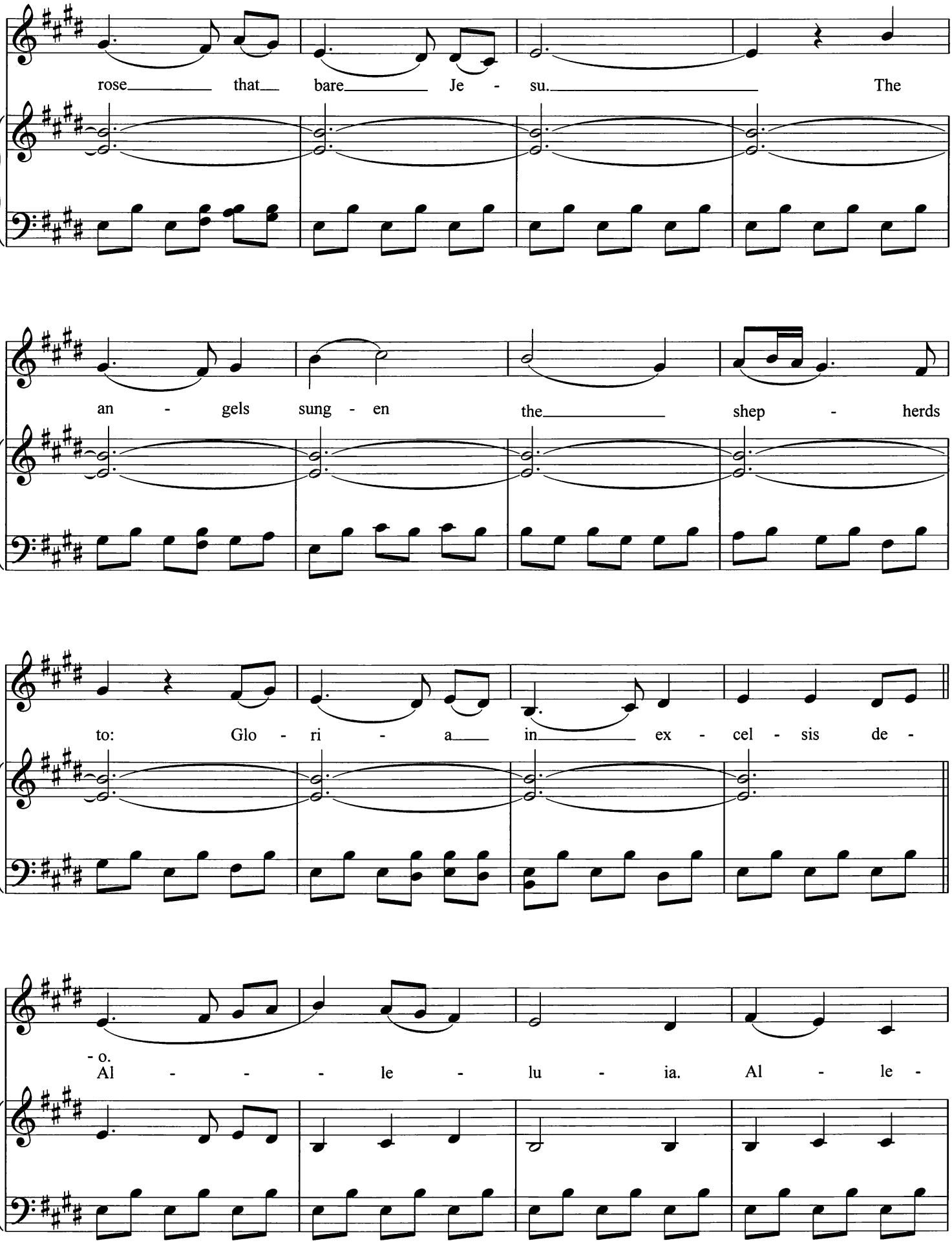
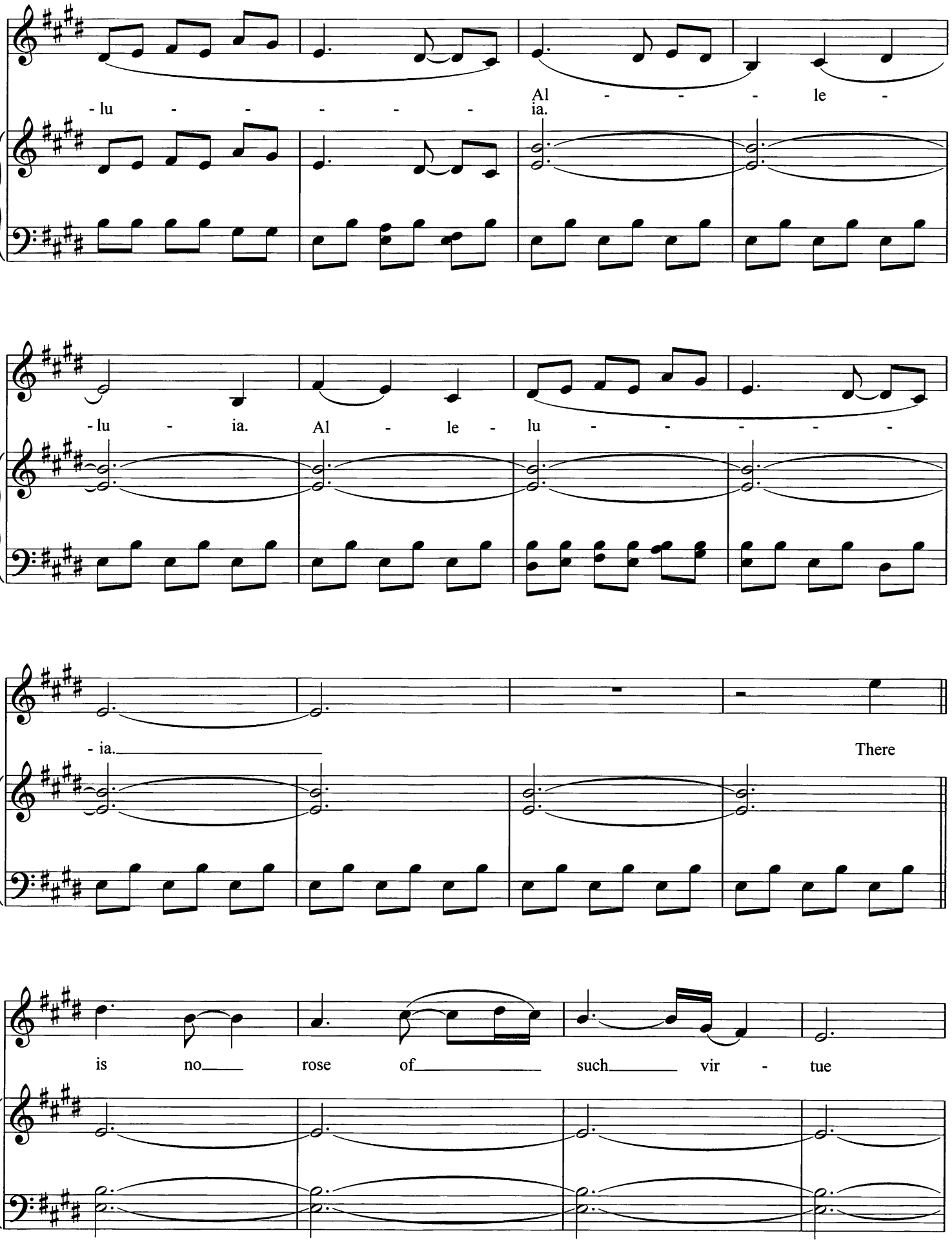
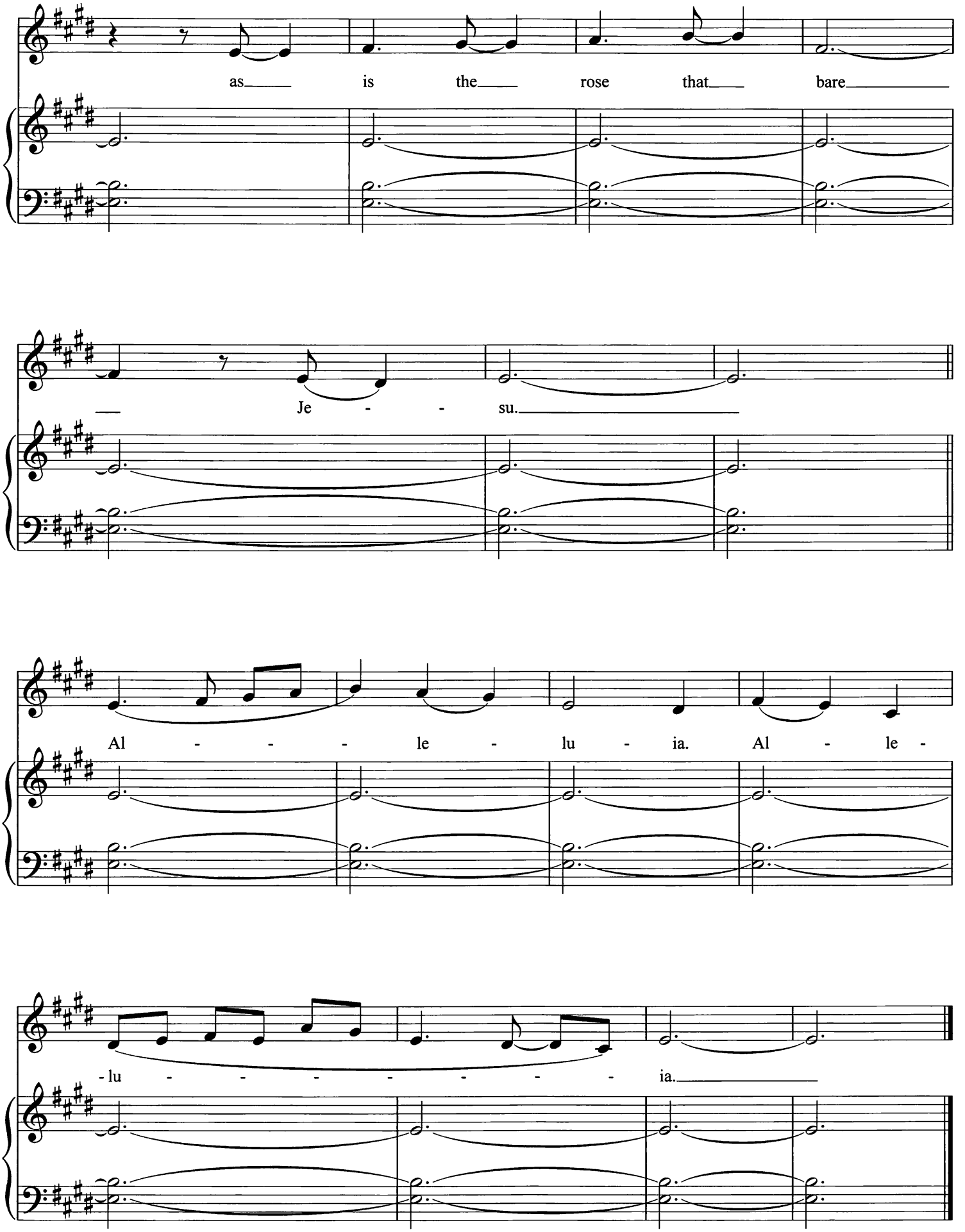

is no rose of such vir - - tue as
that rose we may well see that
To Coda
is the rose that bare Je - su.
he is God in per - sons three.
For


in this rose con - tained it was
heav - en and earth in lit - tle
space.
Al - - - le -
- lu - ia. Al - le - lu - - - - -


D.S. al Coda
Coda
- ia. There
Al - - le -
- lu - ia. Al - le - lu - - - - -
- ia. There is no rose of
such vir - tue as is the

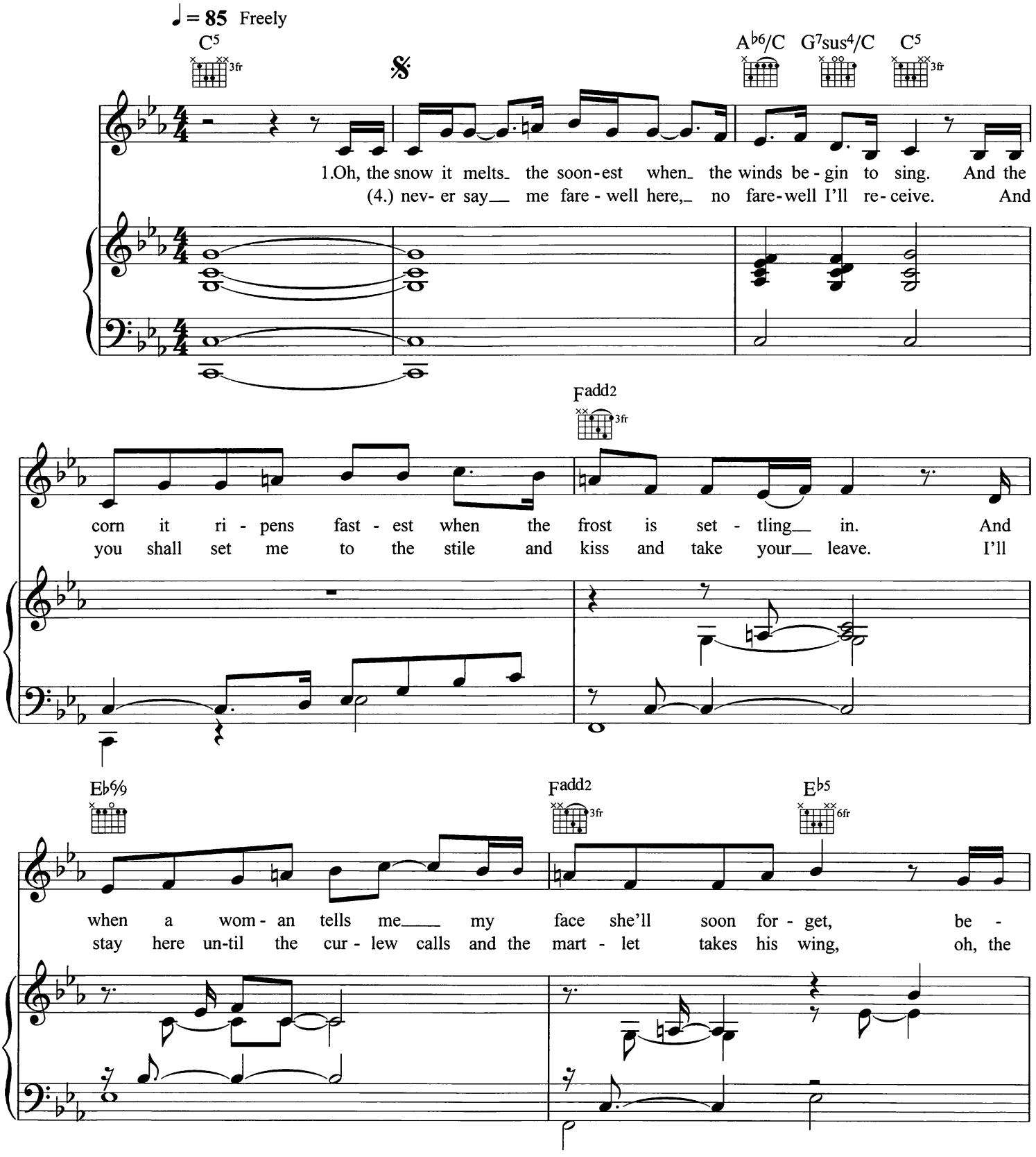

rose that bare Je - su. The
an - gels sung - en the shep - herds
to: Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis de -
- o.
Al - - - le - lu - ia. Al - le -


- lu - - - - - -
Al - - - le -
ia.
- lu - ia.
Al - le - lu - - - - -
- ia.
There
is no rose of such vir - tue


as is the rose that bare
Je - - su.
Al - - - le - lu - ia. Al - le -
- lu - - - - - - - ia.

THE SNOW IT MELTS THE SOONEST

Traditional
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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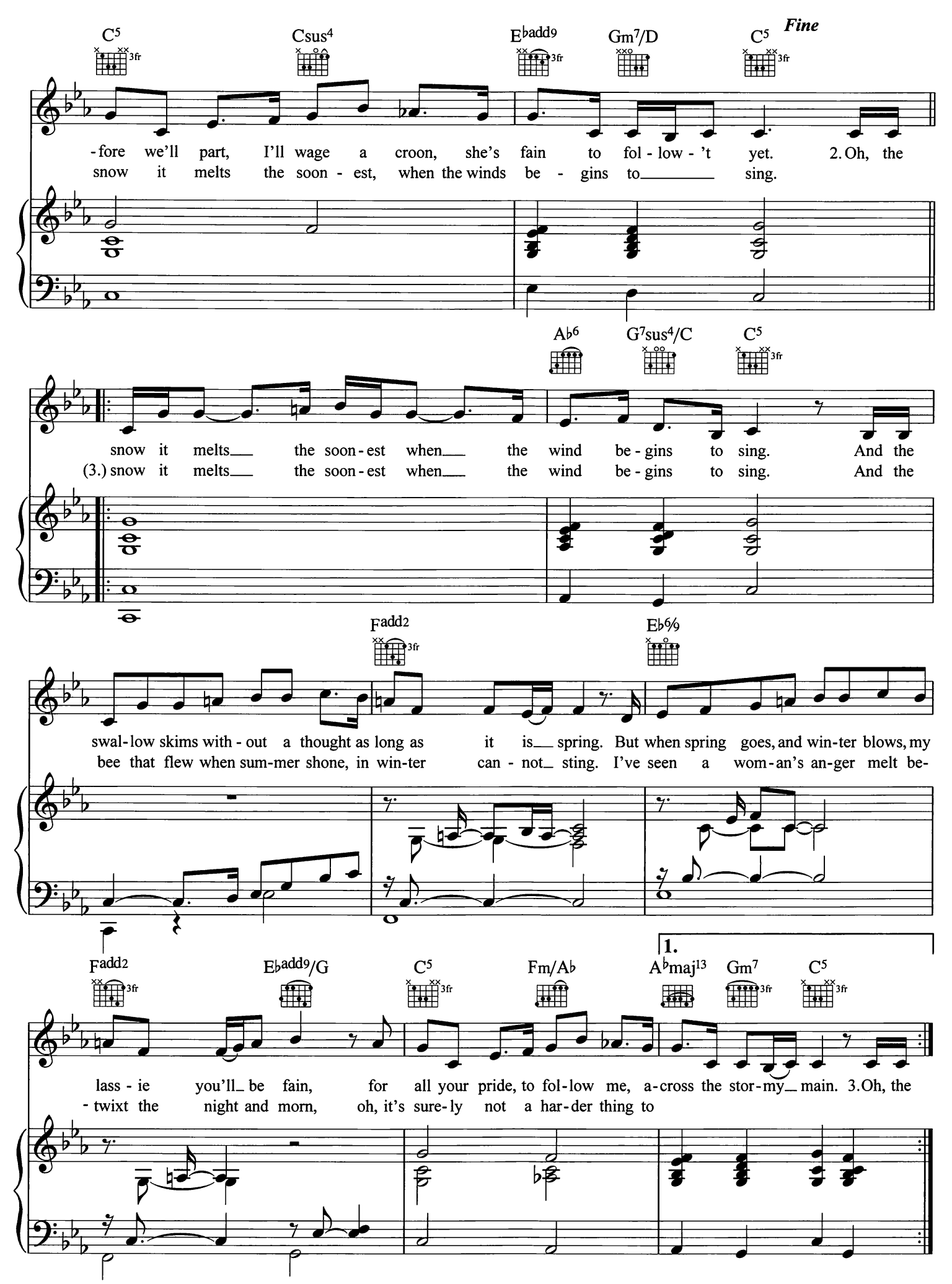
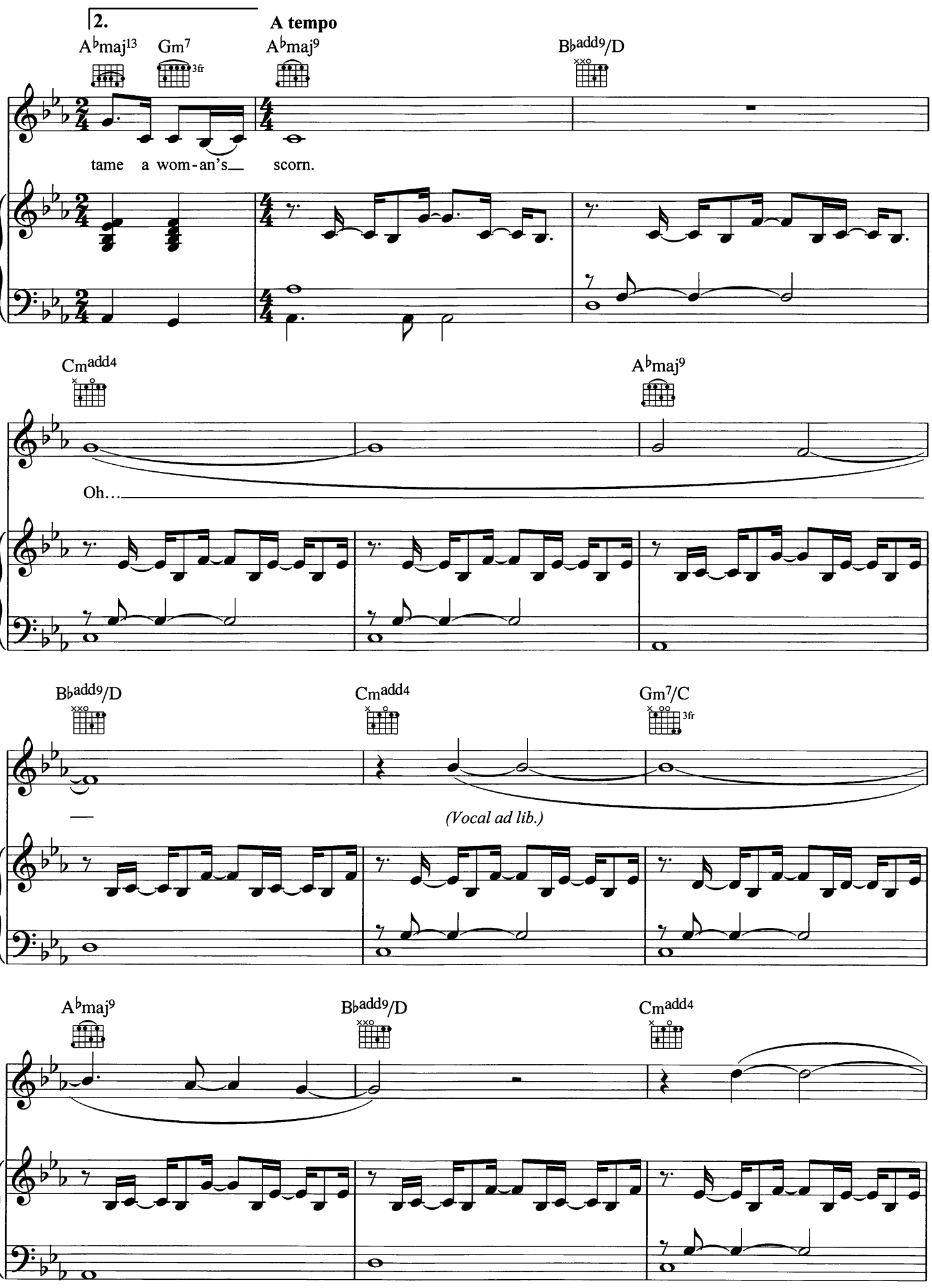
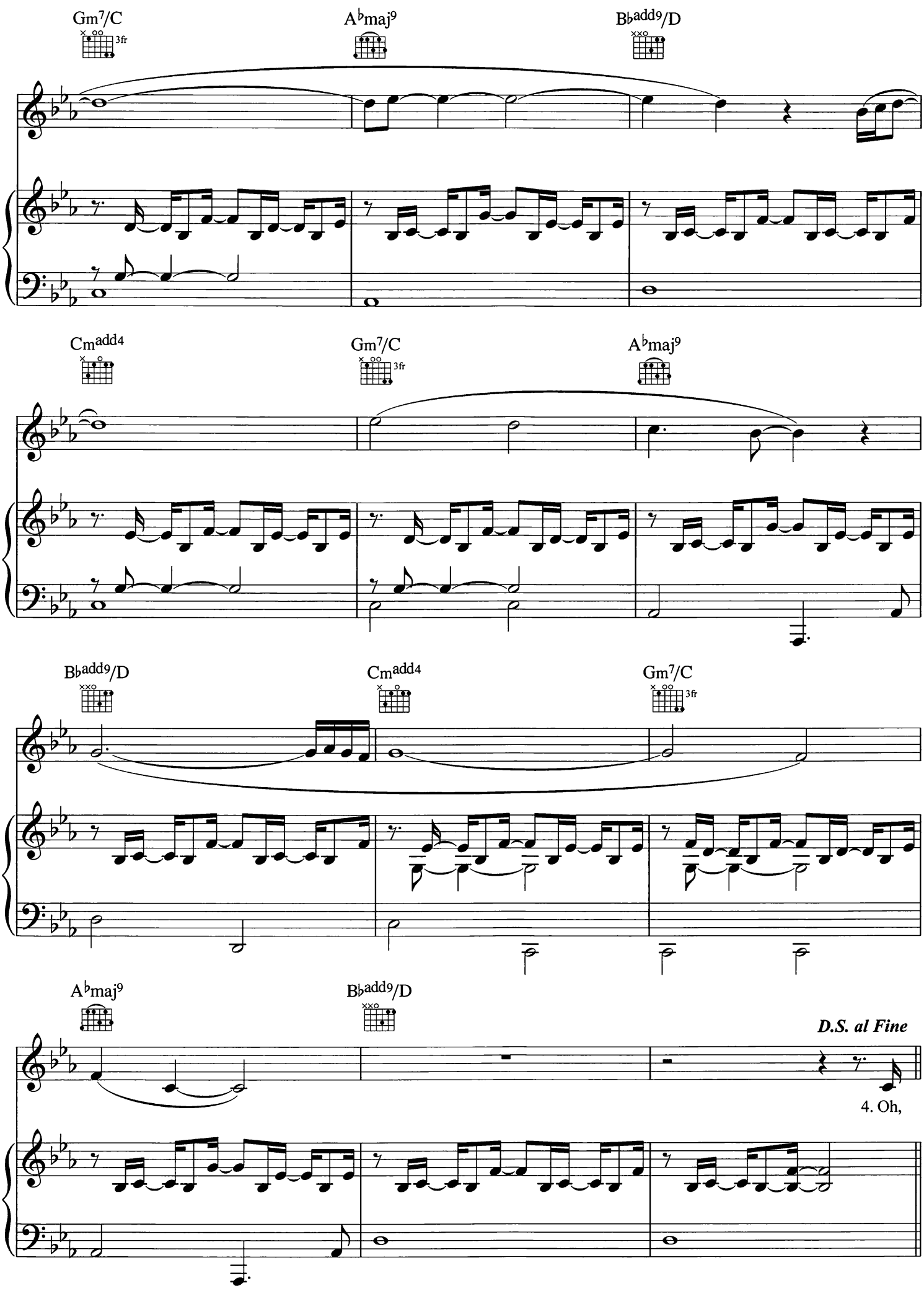
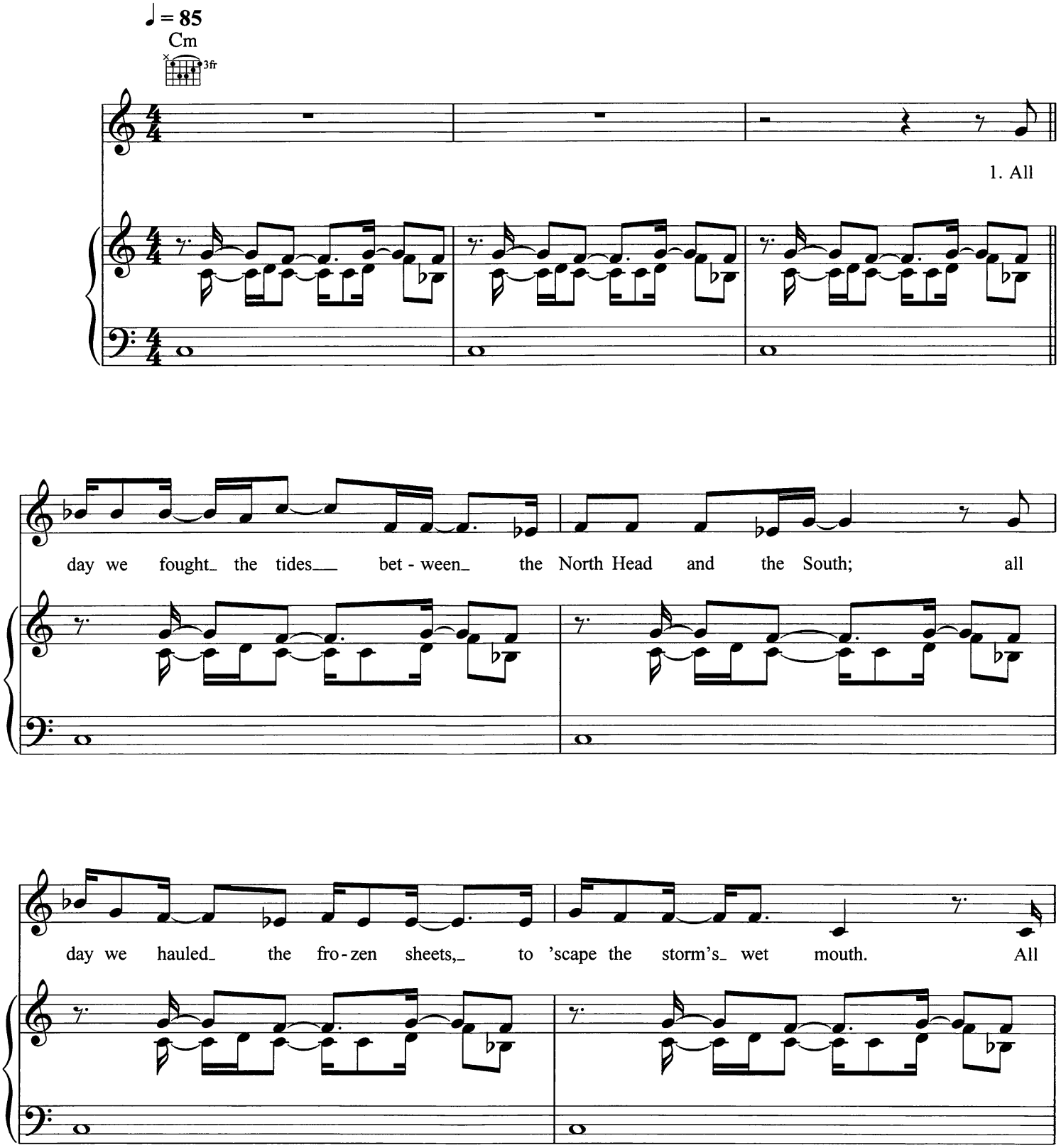

C5
Csus4
Eb add9
Gm7/D
C5
Fine
-fore we'll part, I'll wage a croon, she's fain to fol - low - 't yet. 2. Oh, the
snow it melts the soon - est, when the winds be - gins to sing.
Ab6
G7sus4/C
C5
snow it melts the soon - est when the wind be - gins to sing. And the
(3.) snow it melts the soon - est when the wind be - gins to sing. And the
Fadd2
Eb6/9
swal - low skims with - out a thought as long as it is spring. But when spring goes, and win - ter blows, my
bee that flew when sum - mer shone, in win - ter can - not sting. I've seen a wom - an's an - ger melt be -
1.
Fadd2
Eb add9/G
C5
Fm/Ab
Ab maj13
Gm7
C5
lass - ie you'll be fain, for all your pride, to fol - low me, a - cross the stor - my main. 3. Oh, the
- twixt the night and morn, oh, it's sure - ly not a har - der thing to


2.
A tempo
A♭maj13
Gm7
3fr
A♭maj9
B♭add9/D
tame a wom-an's scorn.
Cmadd4
A♭maj9
Oh…
B♭add9/D
Cmadd4
Gm7/C
3fr
(Vocal ad lib.)
A♭maj9
B♭add9/D
Cmadd4


Gm7/C
3fr
A♭maj9
B♭add9/D
Cmadd4
Gm7/C
3fr
A♭maj9
B♭add9/D
Cmadd4
Gm7/C
3fr
A♭maj9
B♭add9/D
D.S. al Fine
4. Oh,

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

Words by Robert Louis Stevenson
Music by Sting & Mary McMaster



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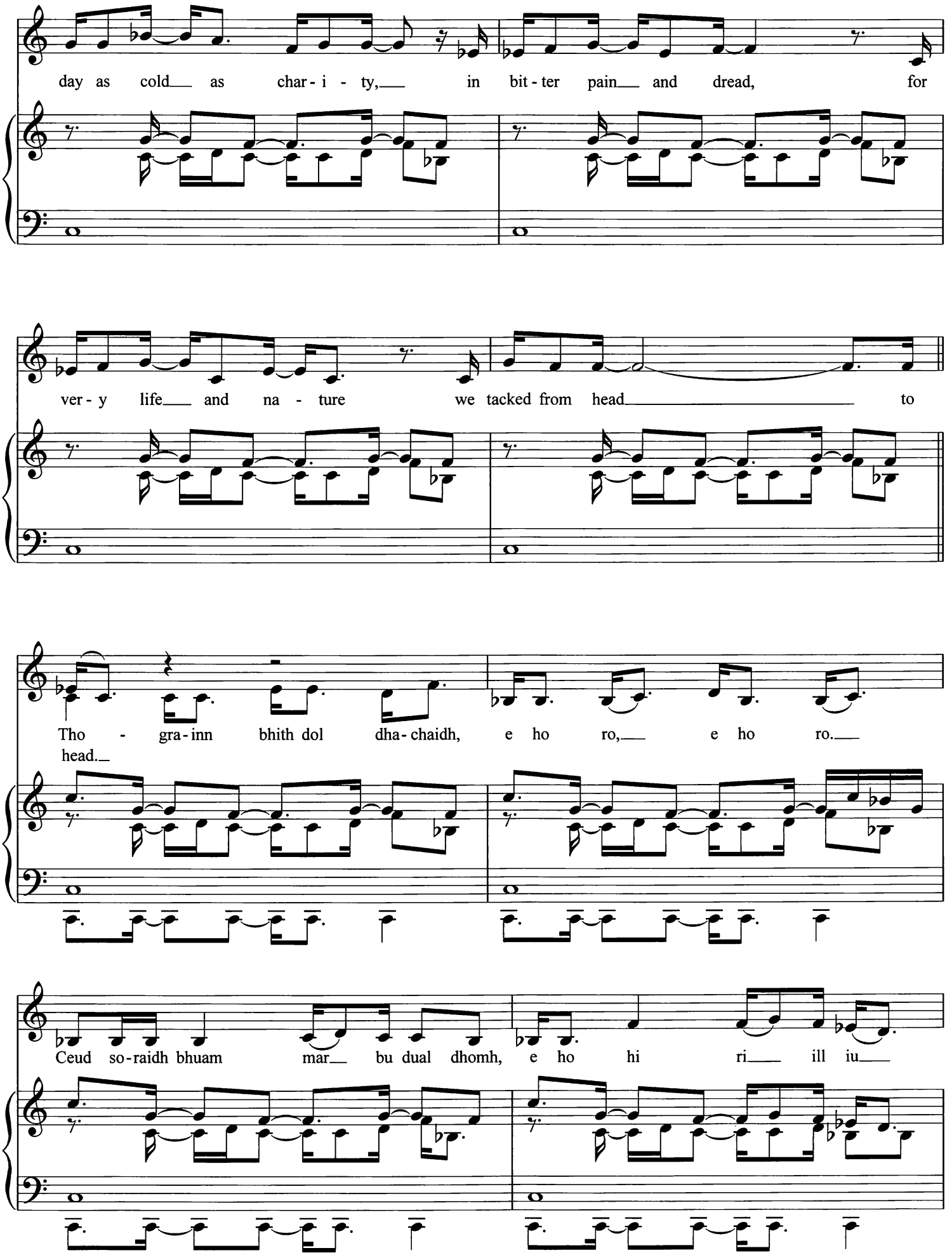
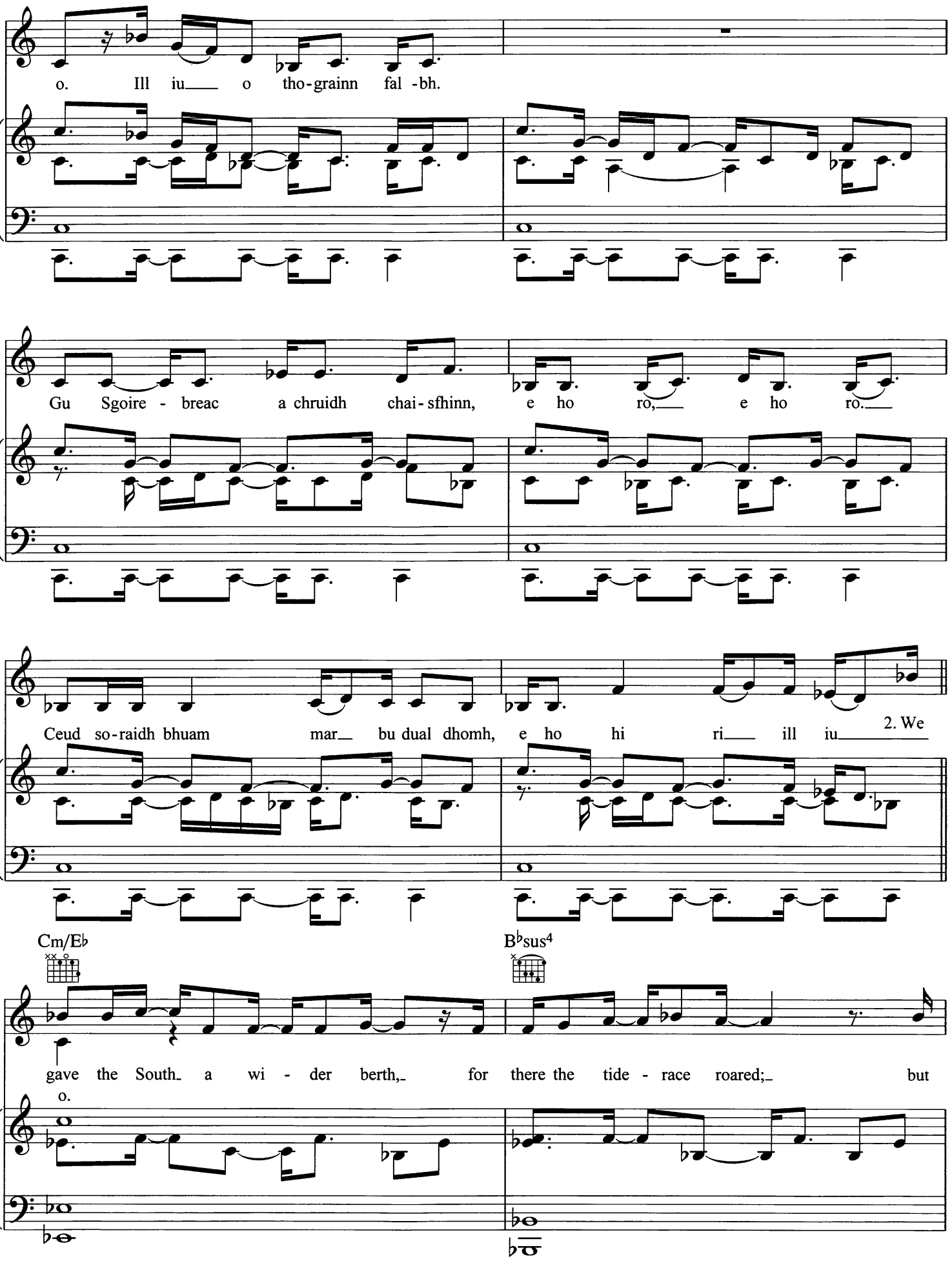
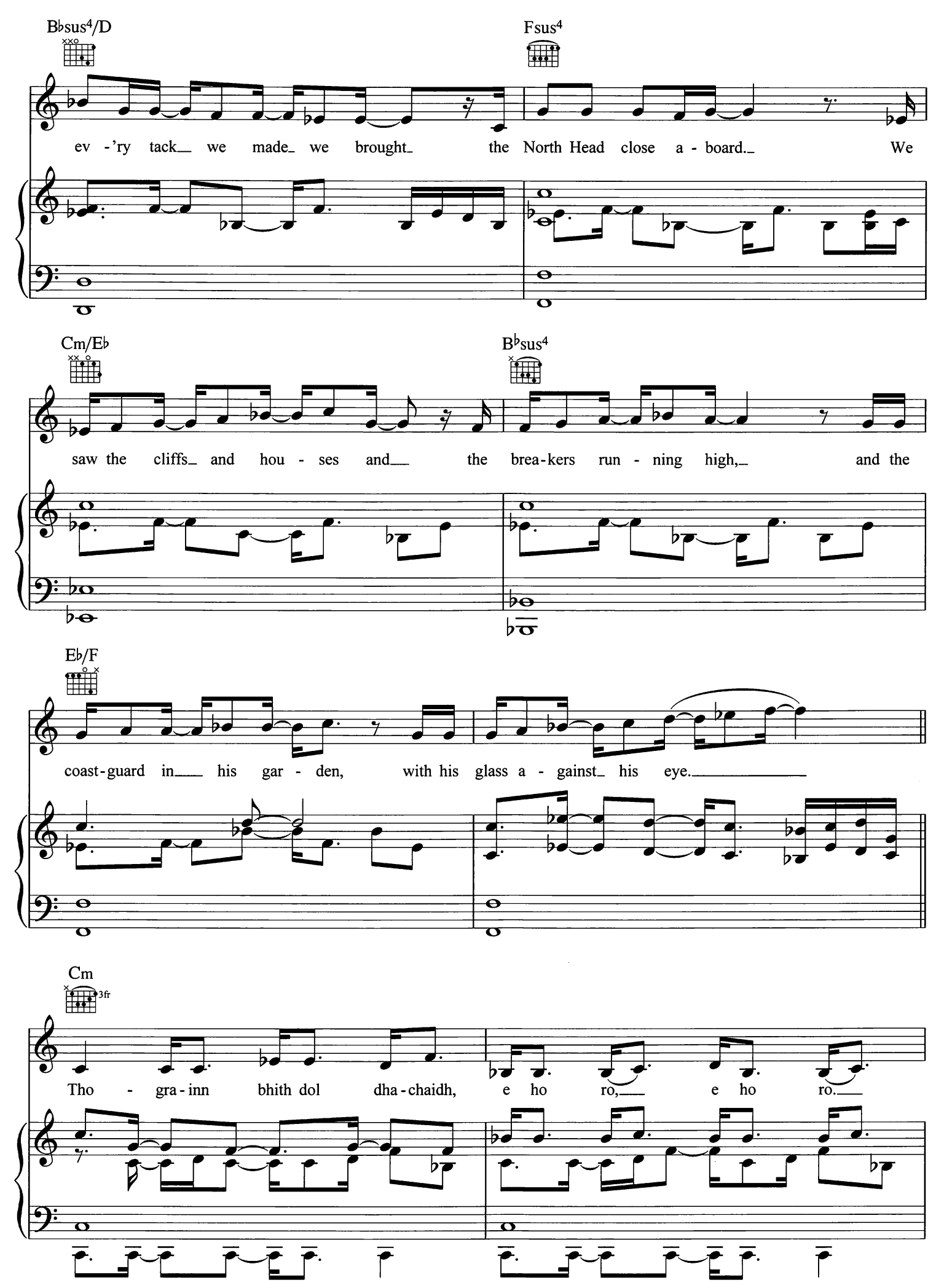
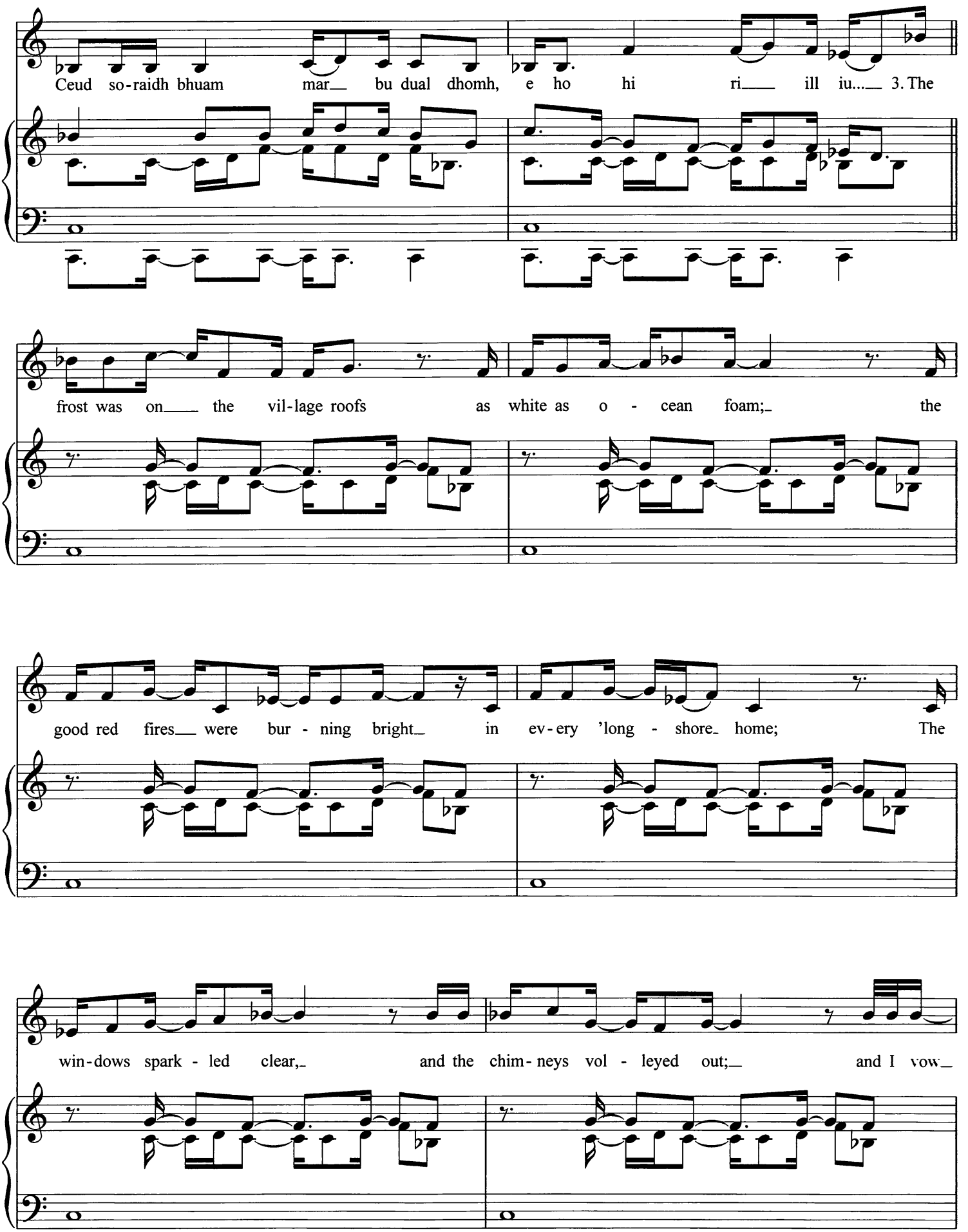
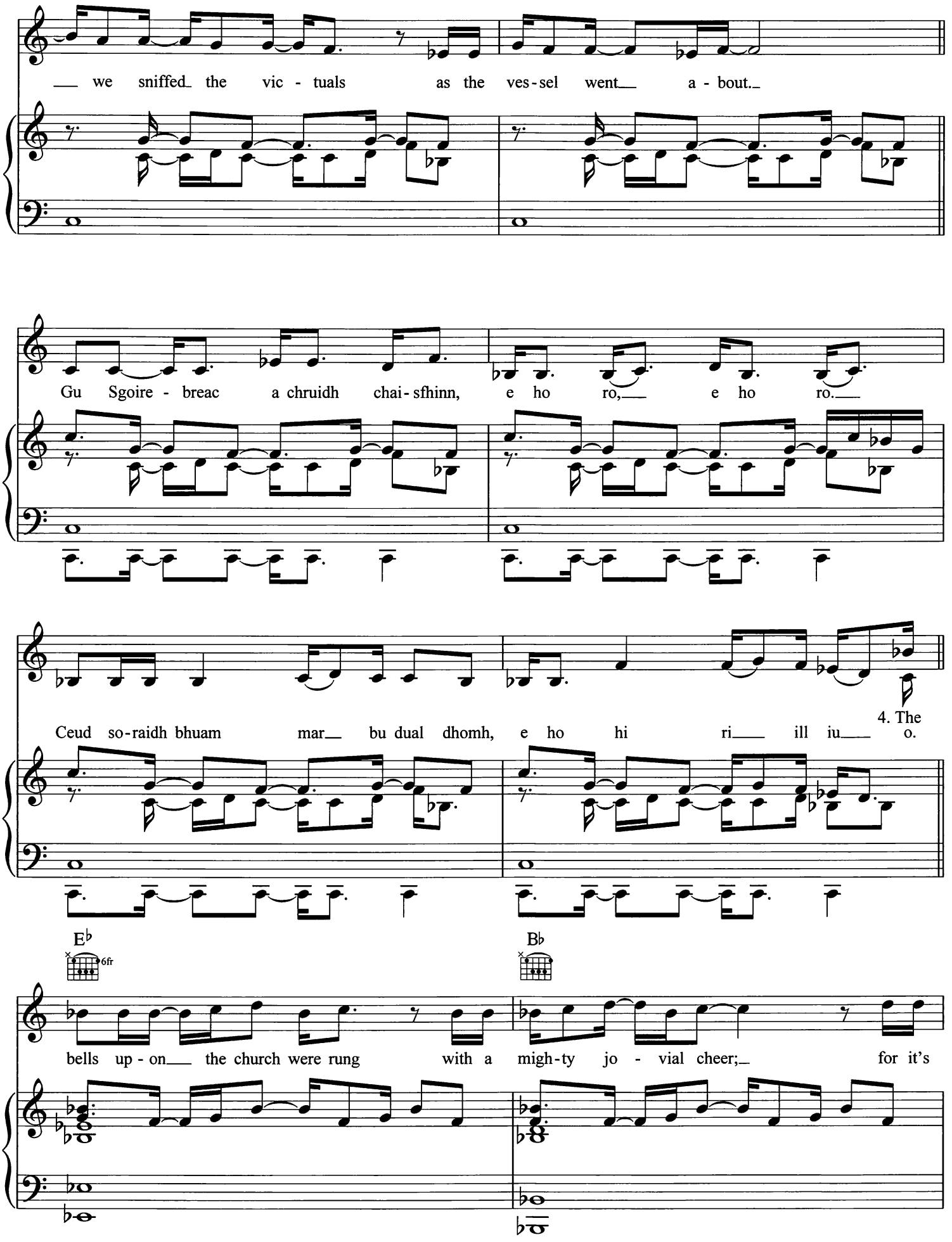
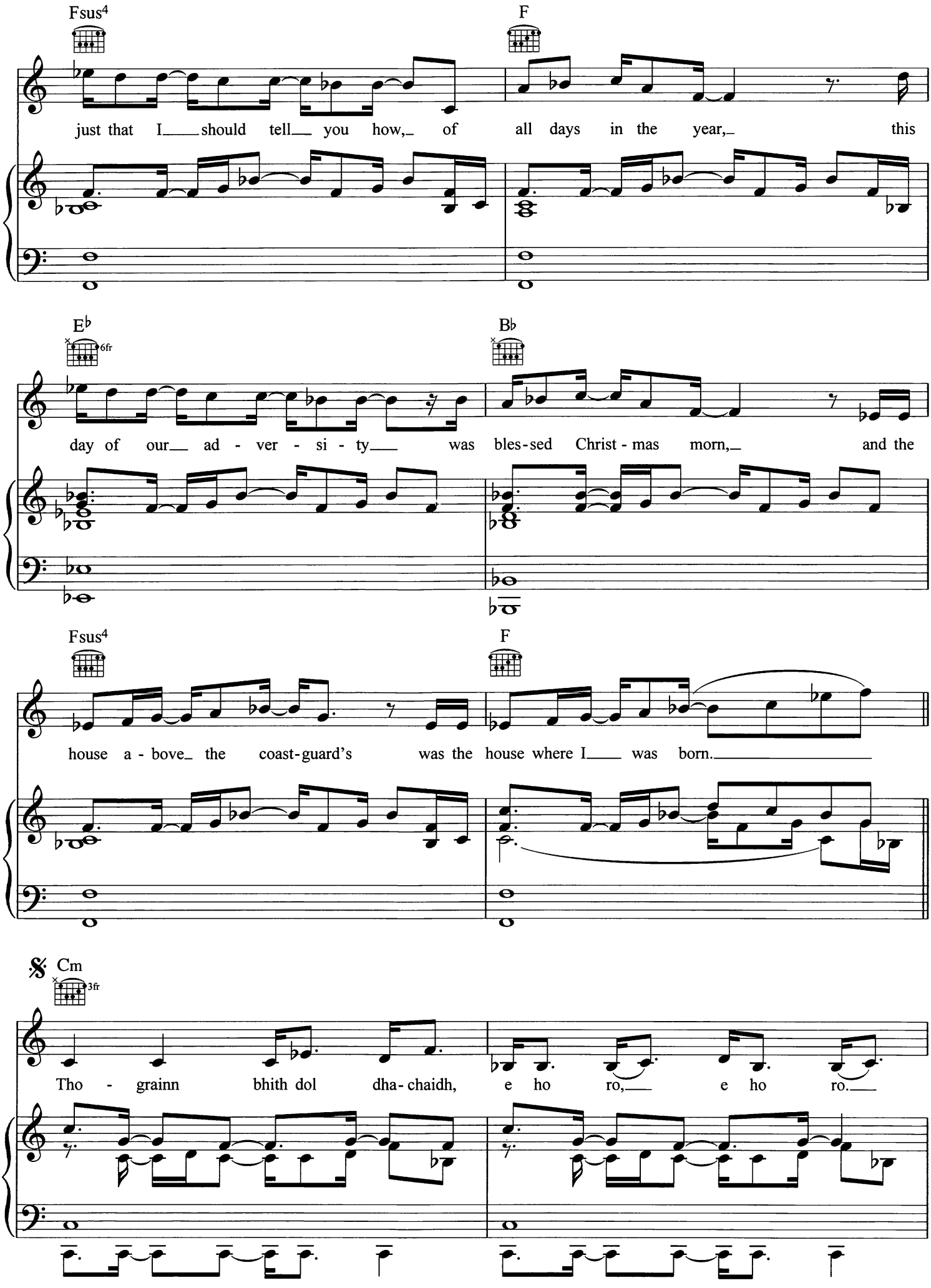

day as cold as char - i - ty, in bit - ter pain and dread, for
ver - y life and na - ture we tacked from head to
Tho - gra - inn bhith dol dha - chaidh, e ho ro, e ho ro.
head.
Ceud so - raidh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh, e ho hi ri ill iu

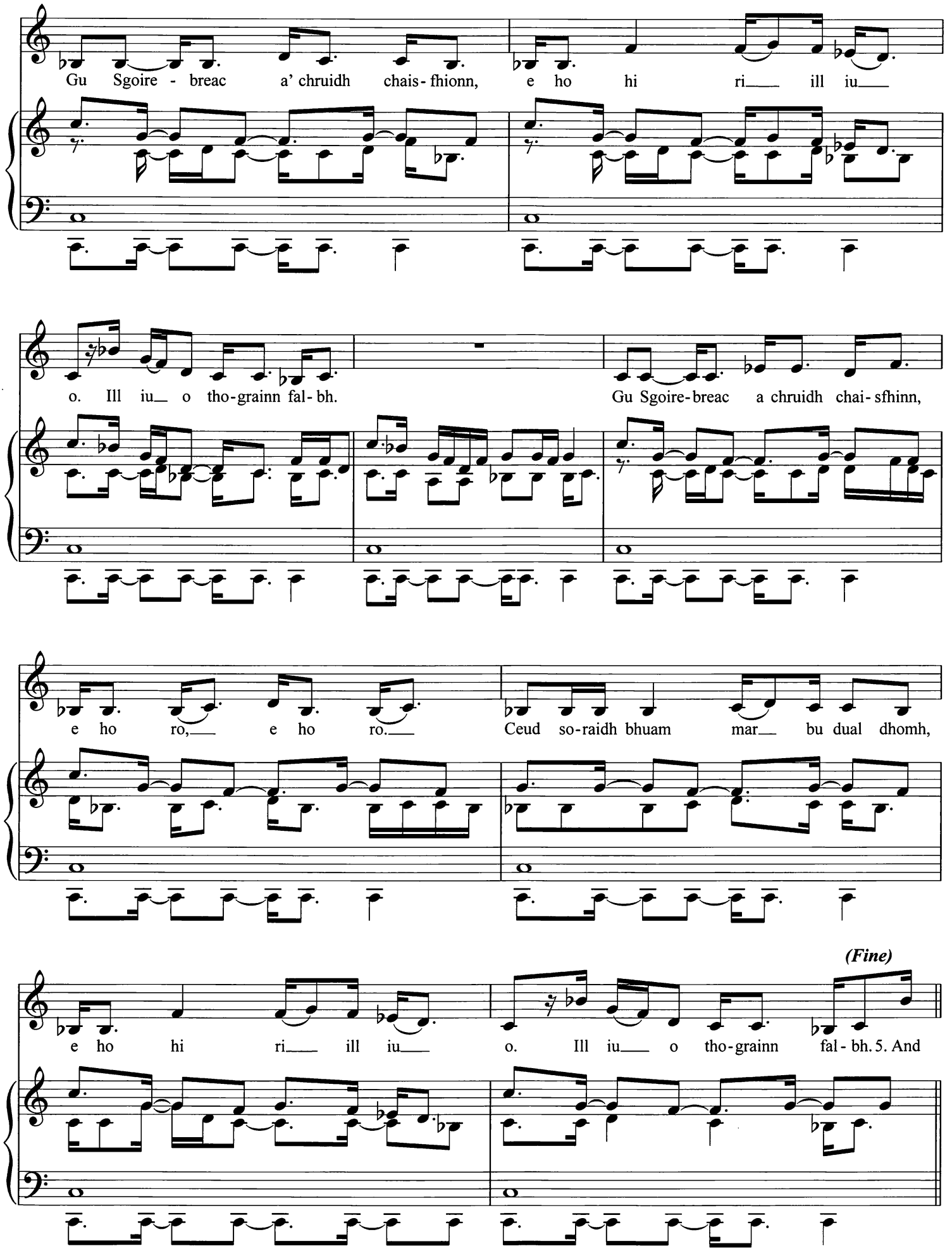

o. Ill iu o tho-grainn fal-bh.
Gu Sgoire-breac a chruidh chai-sfhinn, e ho ro, e ho ro.
Ceud so-raidh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh, e ho hi ri ill iu
2. We
Cm/E♭
B♭sus4
gave the South a wi-der berth, for there the tide-race roared; but
o.


B♭sus4/D
Fsus4
ev -'ry tack we made we brought the North Head close a - board. We
Cm/E♭
B♭sus4
saw the cliffs and hou - ses and the brea-kers run - ning high, and the
E♭/F
coast-guard in his gar - den, with his glass a - gainst his eye.
Cm
3fr
Tho - gra-inn bhith dol dha-chaidh, e ho ro, e ho ro.


Ceud so-raidh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh, e ho hi ri ill iu... 3. The
frost was on the vil-lage roofs as white as o - cean foam; the
good red fires were bur - ning bright in ev-ery 'long - shore home; The
win-dows spark - led clear, and the chim-neys vol - leyed out; and I vow


we sniffed the vic - tuals as the ves-sel went a - bout.
Gu Sgoire - breac a chruidh chai-sfhinn, e ho ro, e ho ro.
Ceud so-raidh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh, e ho hi ri ill iu o.
4. The
E♭
6fr
B♭
bells up - on the church were rung with a migh-ty jo - vial cheer; for it's


Fsus4
F
just that I should tell you how, of all days in the year, this
E♭
6fr
B♭
day of our ad - ver - si - ty was bles-sed Christ - mas morn, and the
Fsus4
F
house a - bove the coast-guard's was the house where I was born.
Cm
3fr
Tho - grainn bhith dol dha-chaidh, e ho ro, e ho ro.


Gu Sgoire - breac a' chruidh chais - fhionn, e ho hi ri ill iu
o. Ill iu o tho - grainn fal - bh.
Gu Sgoire - breac a chruidh chai - sfhinn,
e ho ro, e ho ro.
Ceud so - raidh bhuam mar bu dual dhomh,
(Fine)
e ho hi ri ill iu
o. Ill iu o tho - grainn fal - bh. 5. And

well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me, of the

Cm/E♭

shad-ow on the house - hold and the son that went to sea; And

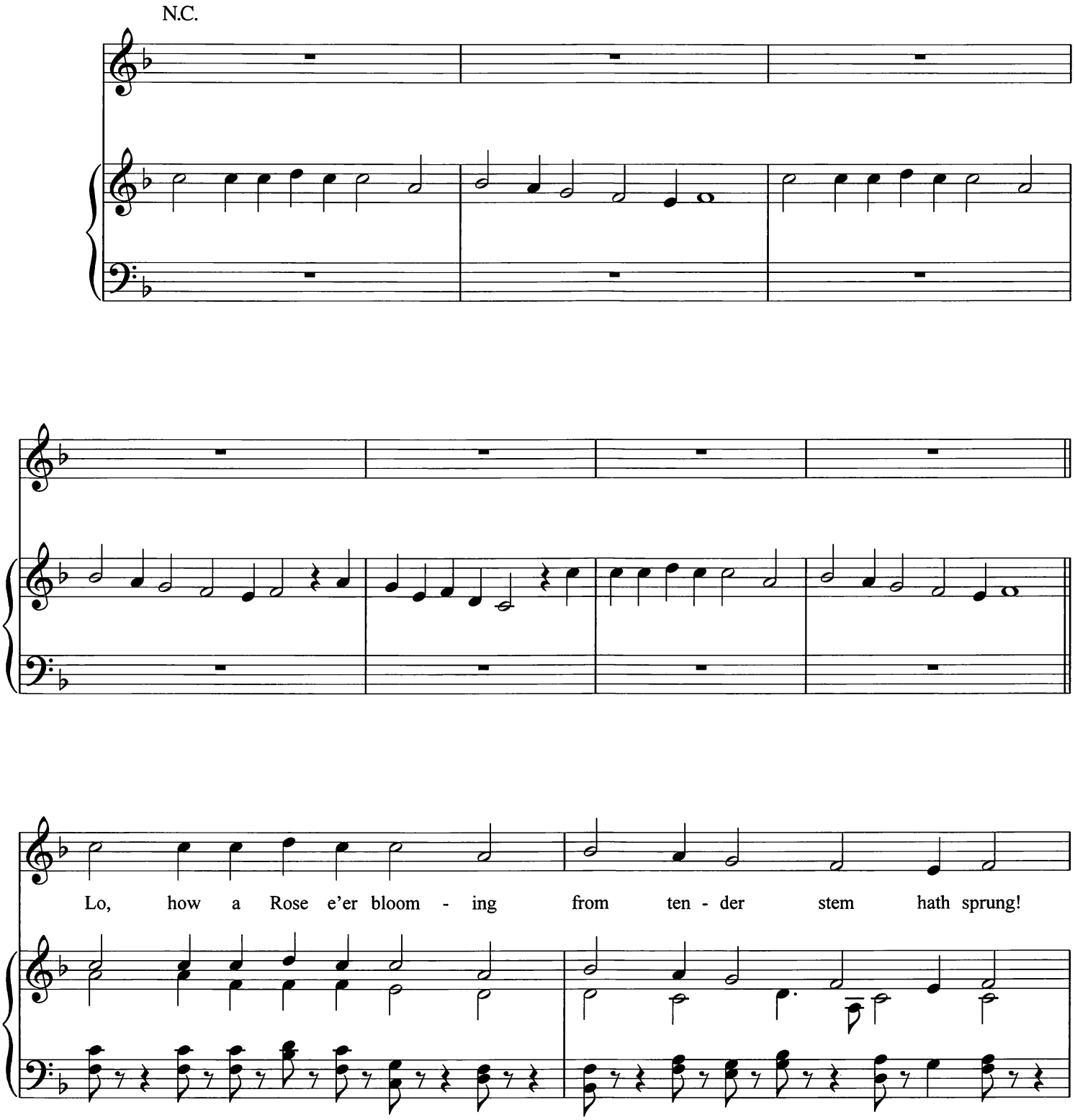
o, the wick - ed fool I seemed, in ev-'ry kind of way, to be

D.S. and fade

here and haul - ing fro - zen ropes on bles-sed Christ - mas Day.

LO, HOW A ROSE E'RE BLOOMING

Music by Michael Praetorius
English Translation by Theodore Baker
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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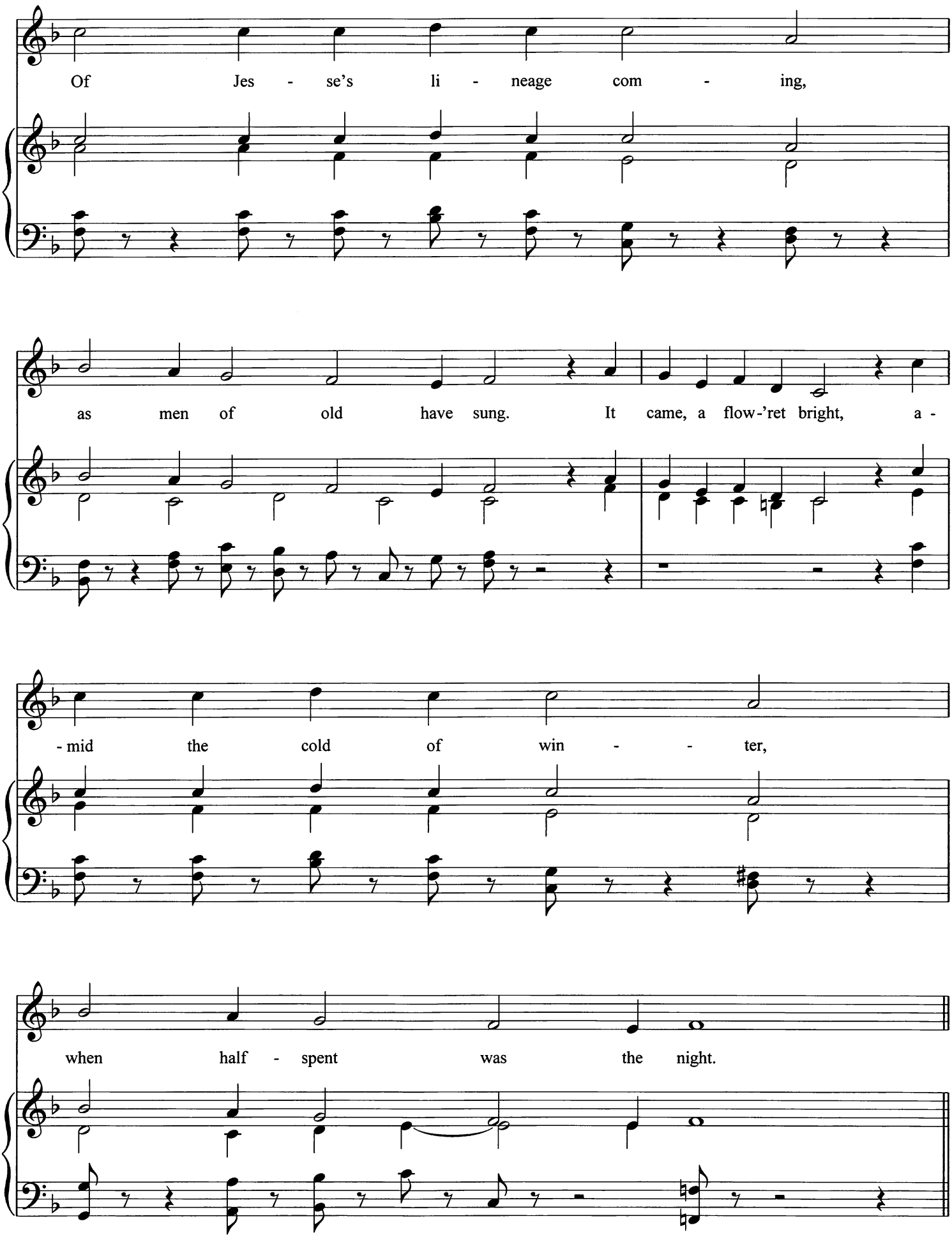
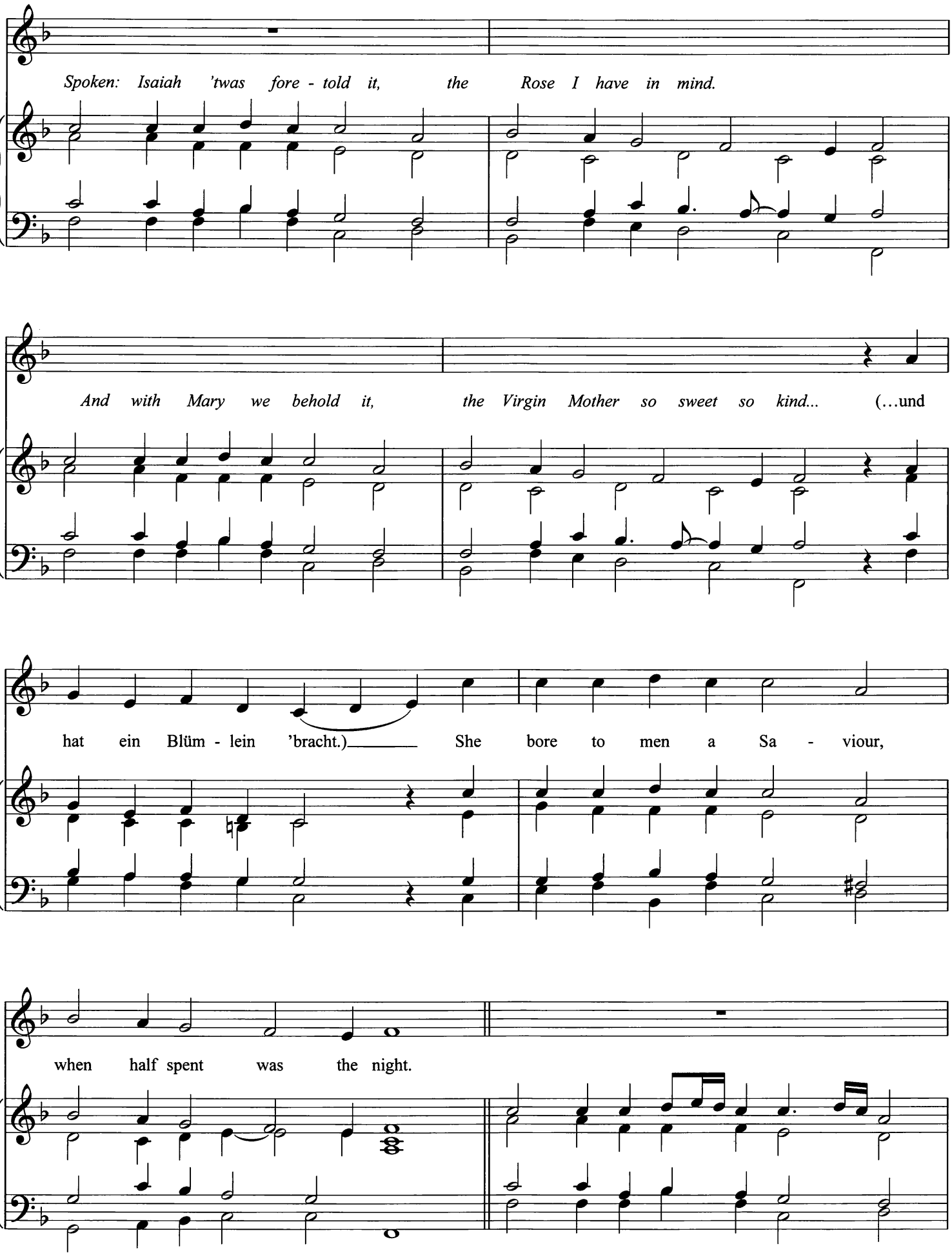
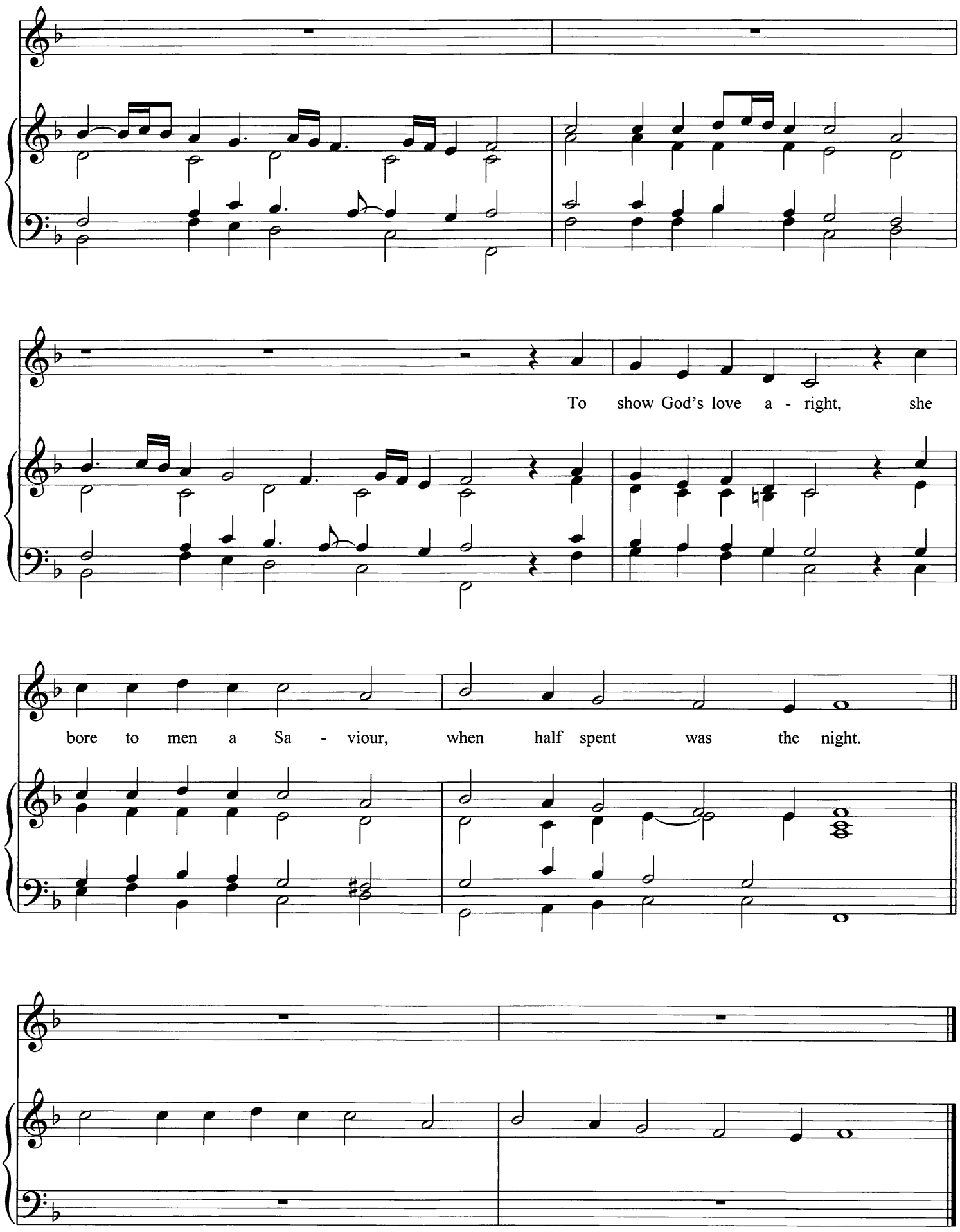
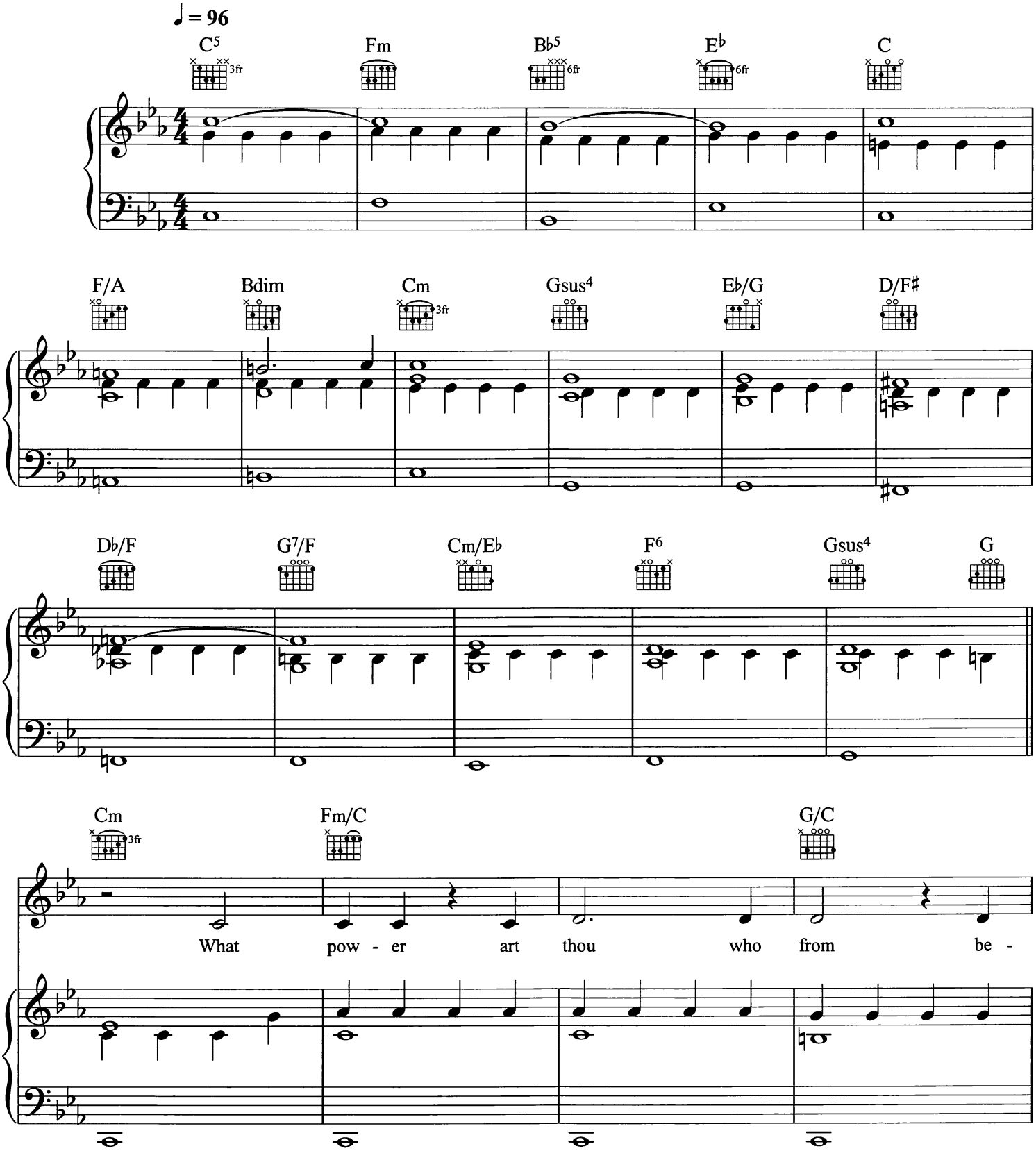

Of Jes - se's li - neage com - ing,
as men of old have sung. It came, a flow-'ret bright, a -
- mid the cold of win - - ter,
when half - spent was the night.


Spoken: Isaiah 'twas fore - told it, the Rose I have in mind.
And with Mary we behold it, the Virgin Mother so sweet so kind... (...und
hat ein Blüm - lein 'bracht.) She bore to men a Sa - viour,
when half spent was the night.


To show God's love a - right, she
bore to men a Sa - viour, when half spent was the night.

COLD SONG

Words by John Dryden
Music by Henry Purcell
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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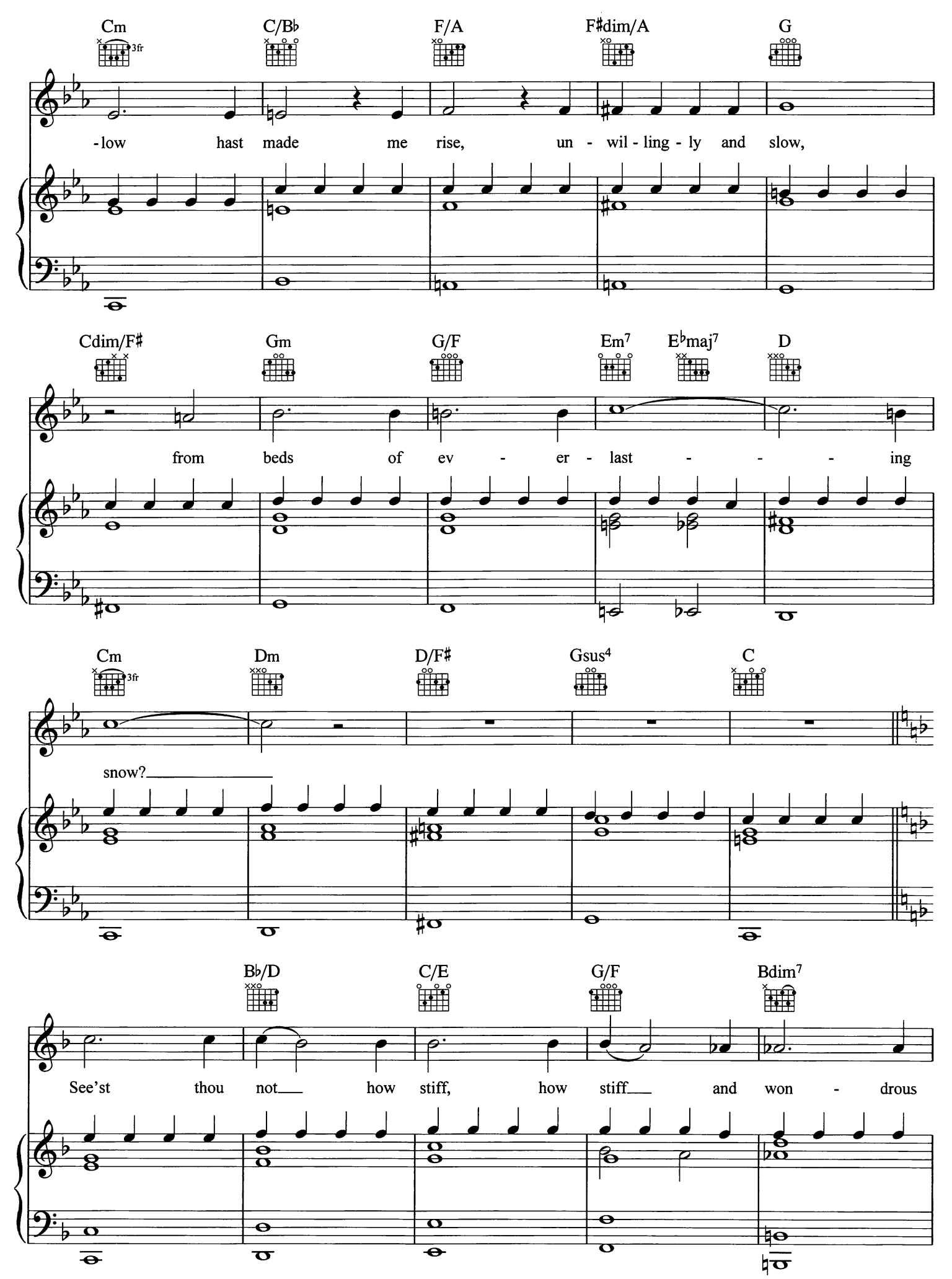
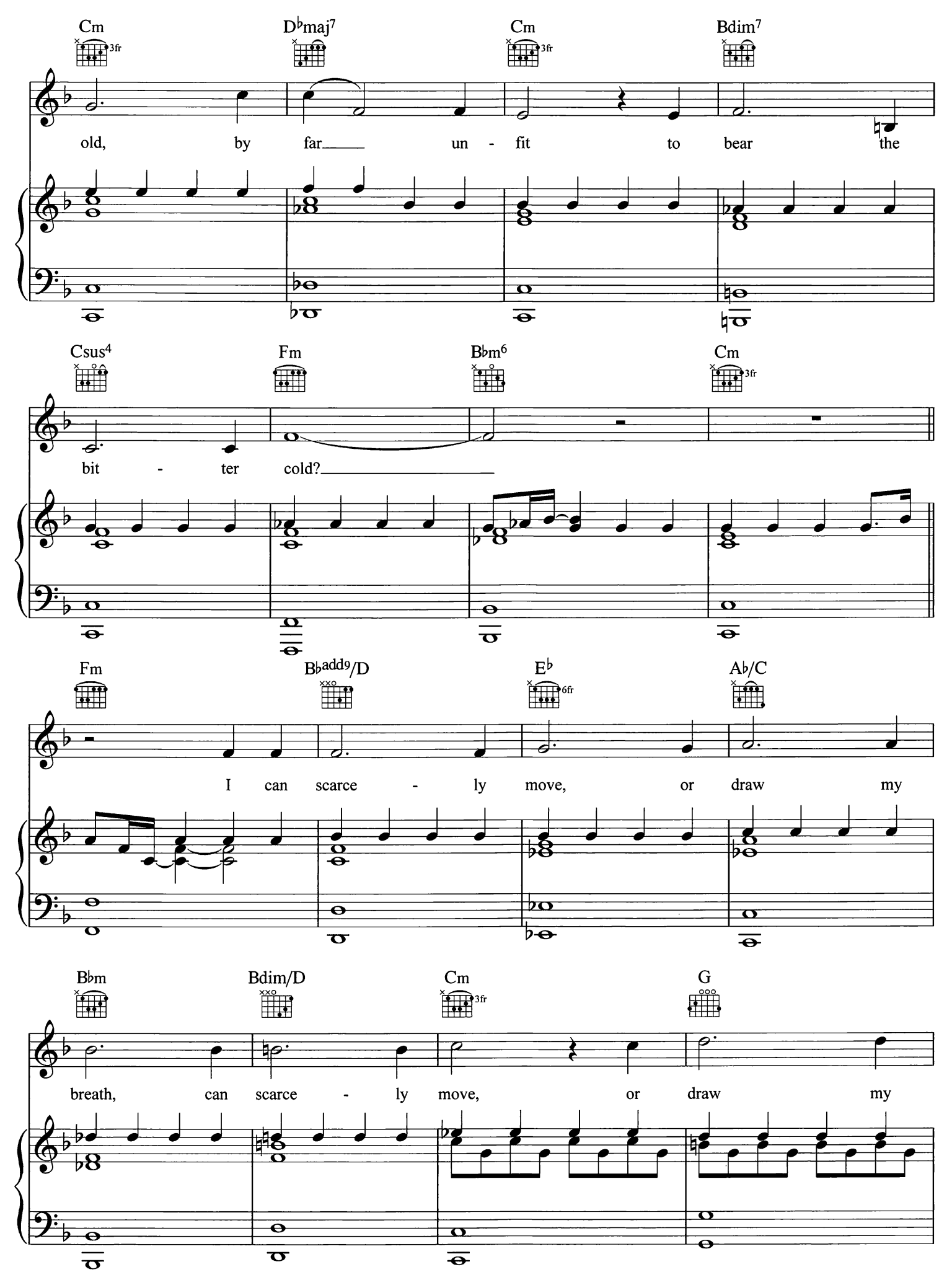
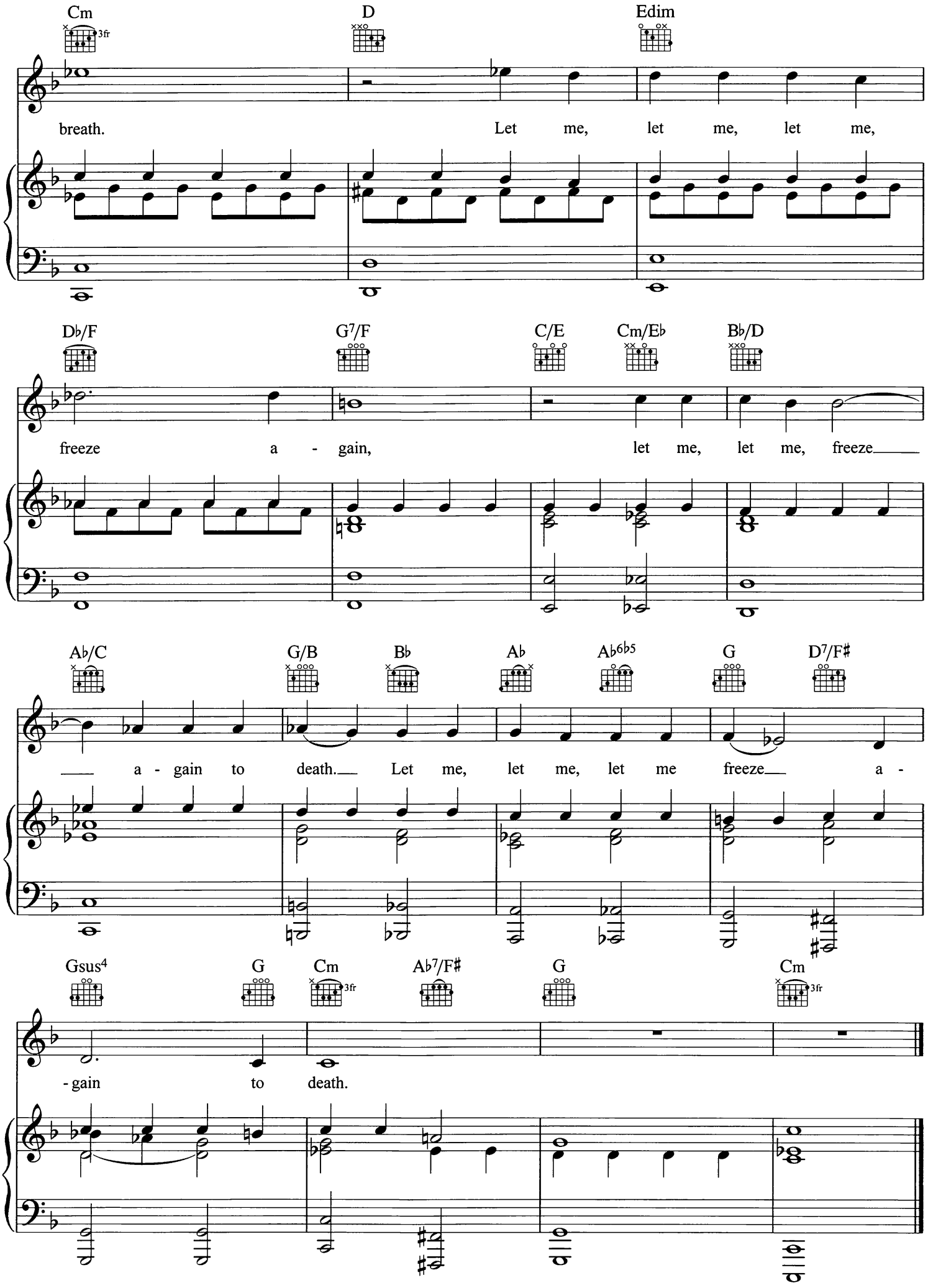
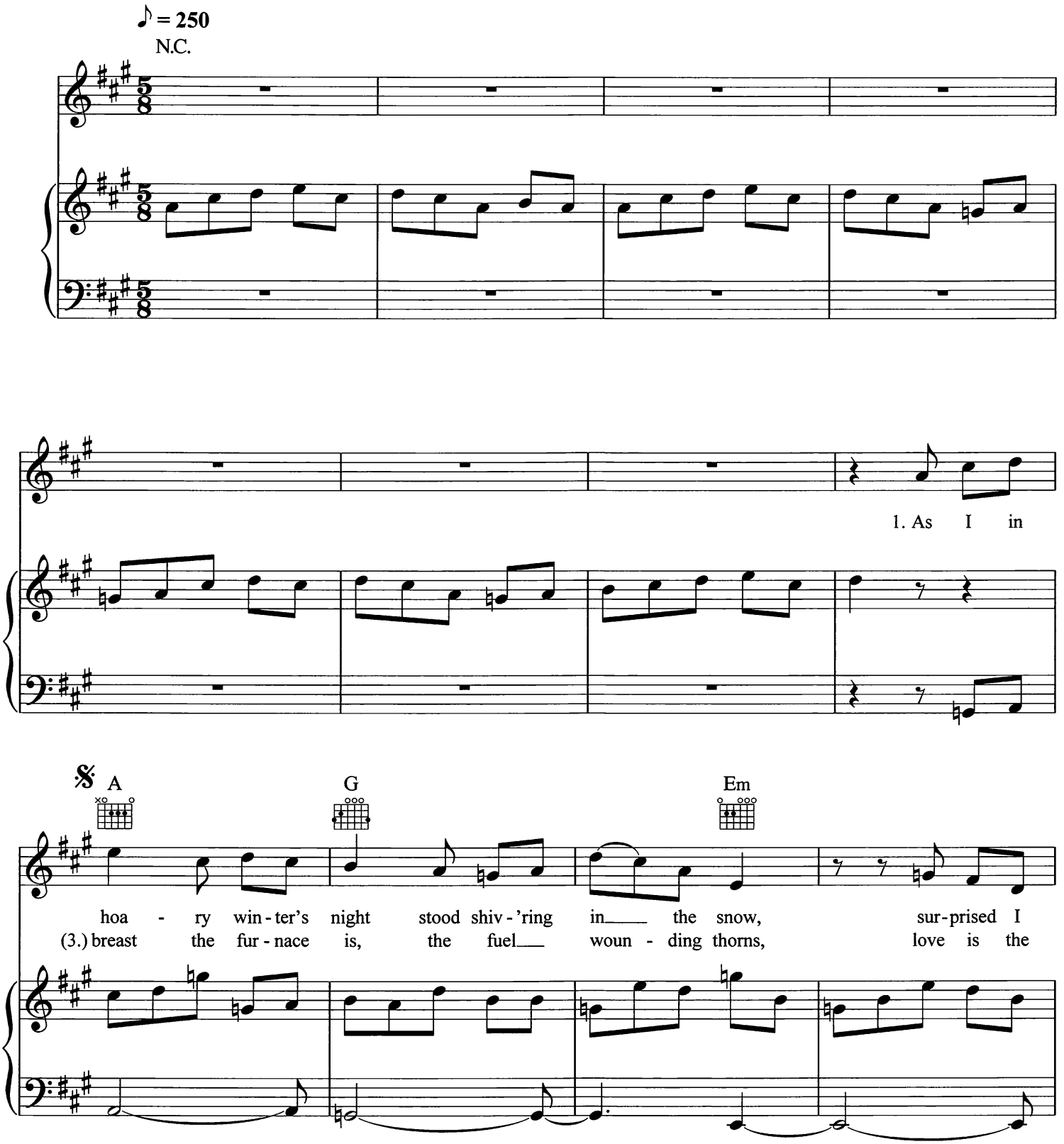

Cm
3fr
C/B♭
F/A
F♯dim/A
G
-low hast made me rise, un - wil - ling - ly and slow,
Cdim/F♯
Gm
G/F
Em7
E♭maj7
D
from beds of ev - er - last - - - ing
Cm
3fr
Dm
D/F♯
Gsus4
C
snow?
B♭/D
C/E
G/F
Bdim7
See'st thou not how stiff, how stiff and won - drous


Cm
3fr
D♭maj7
Cm
3fr
Bdim7
old, by far un - fit to bear the
Csus4
Fm
B♭m6
Cm
3fr
bit - ter cold?
Fm
B♭add9/D
E♭
6fr
A♭/C
I can scarce - ly move, or draw my
B♭m
Bdim/D
Cm
3fr
G
breath, can scarce - ly move, or draw my


Cm
3fr
D
Edim
breath.
Let me, let me, let me,
D♭/F
G7/F
C/E
Cm/E♭
B♭/D
freeze a - gain,
let me, let me, freeze
A♭/C
G/B
B♭
A♭
A♭6♭5
G
D7/F♯
a - gain to death.
Let me, let me, let me
freeze a -
Gsus4
G
Cm
3fr
A♭7/F♯
G
Cm
3fr
- gain to death.

THE BURNING BABE

Words by Chris Wood & Robert Southwell
Music by Chris Wood



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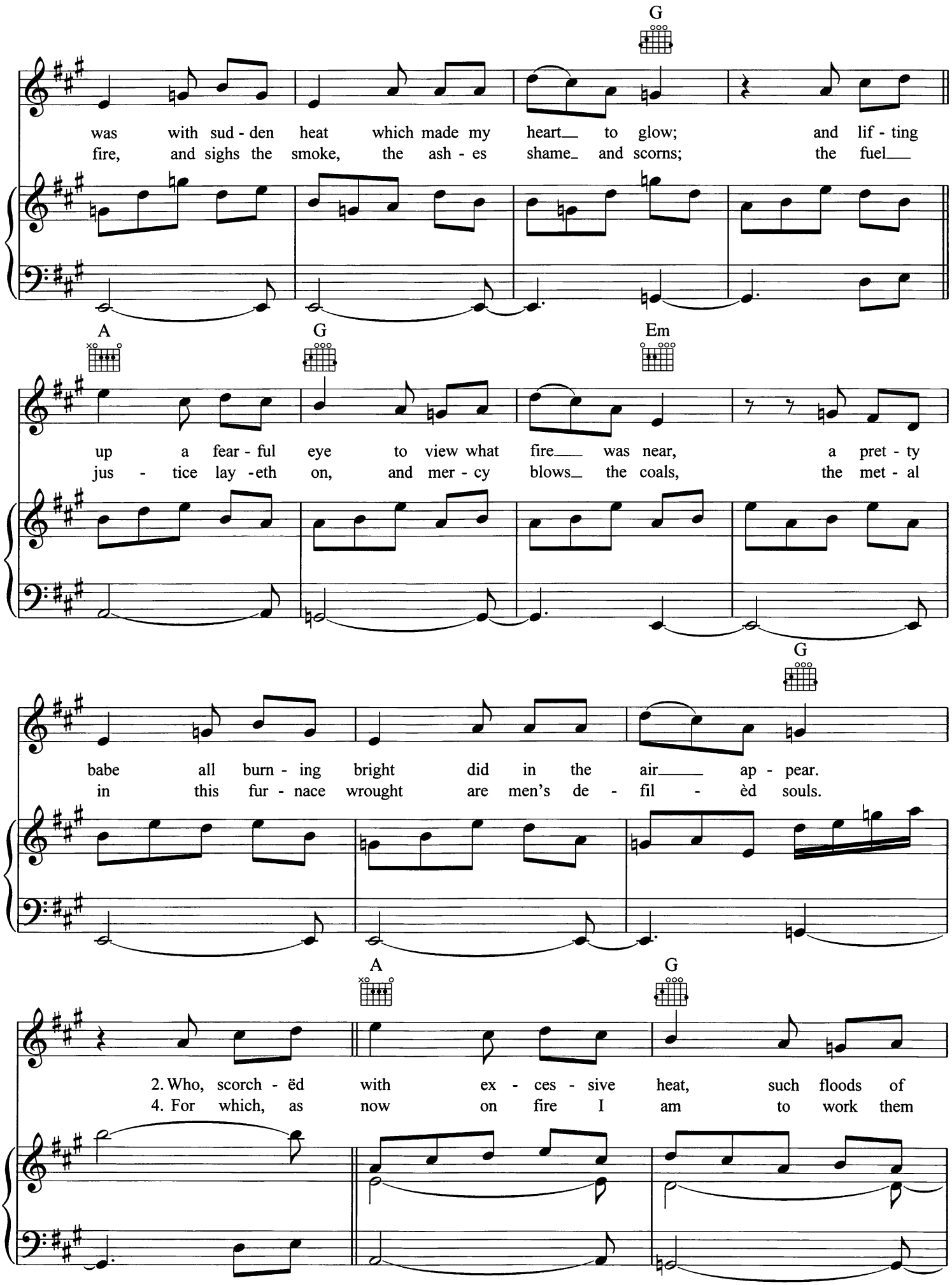
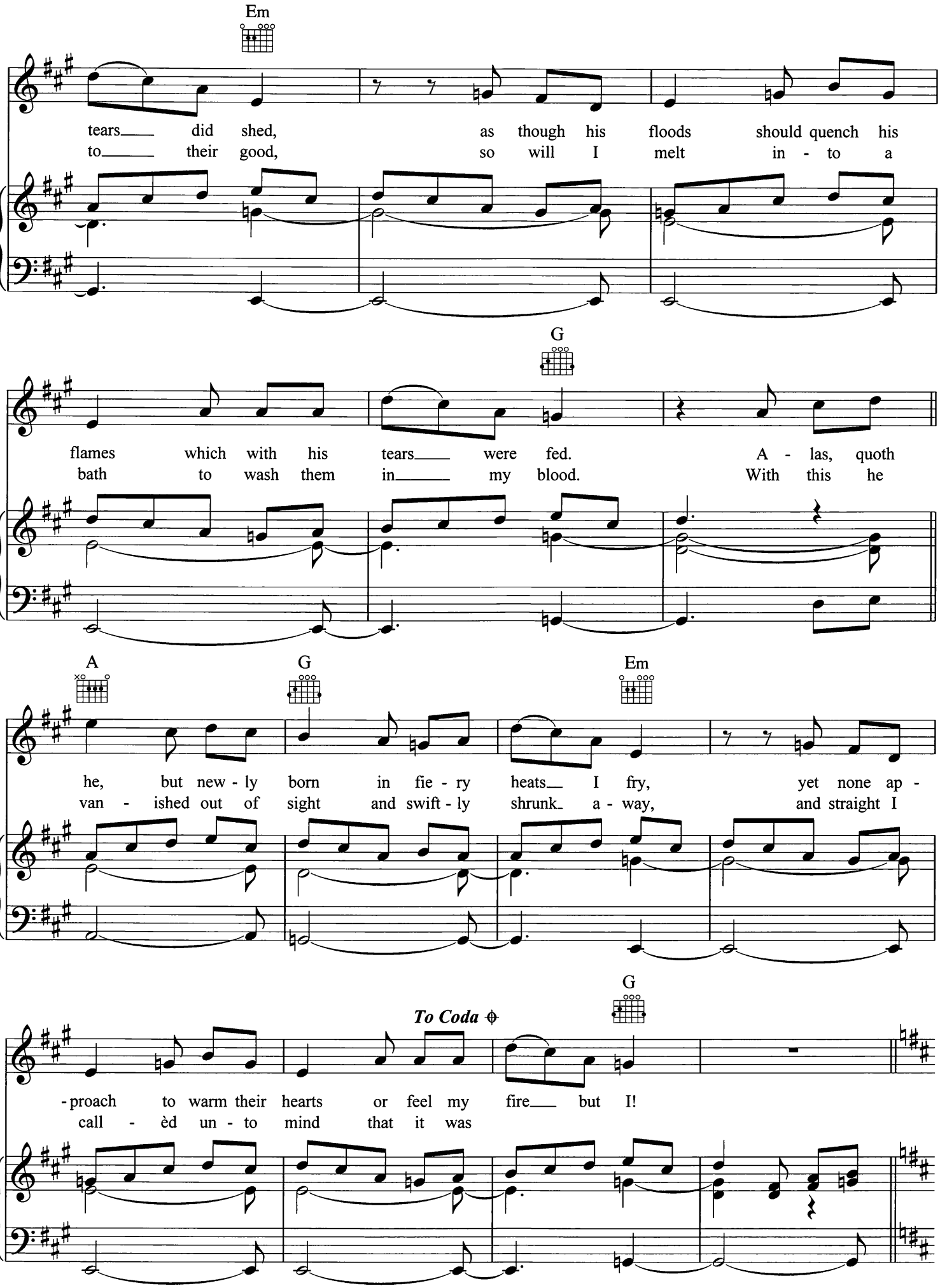
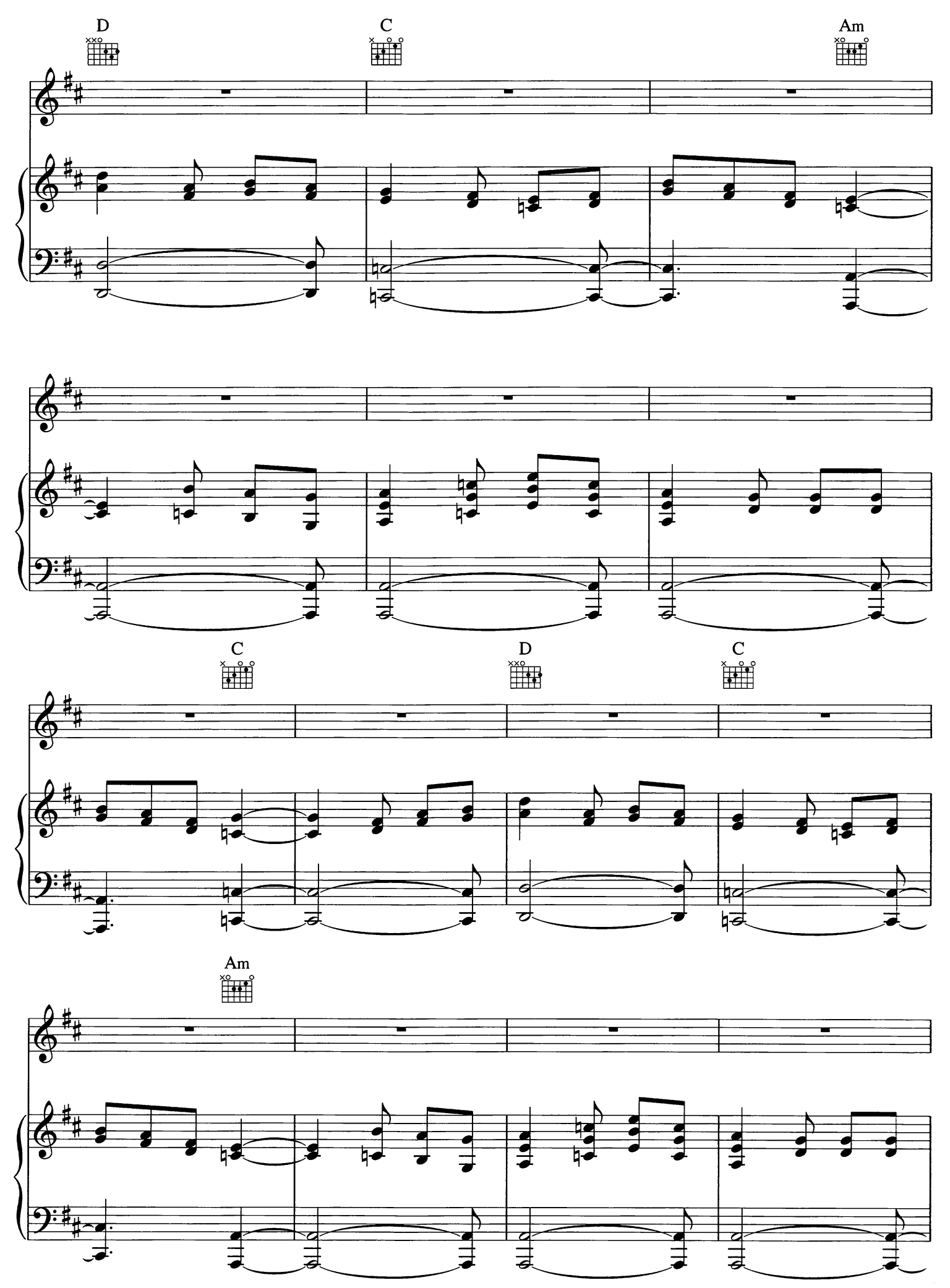
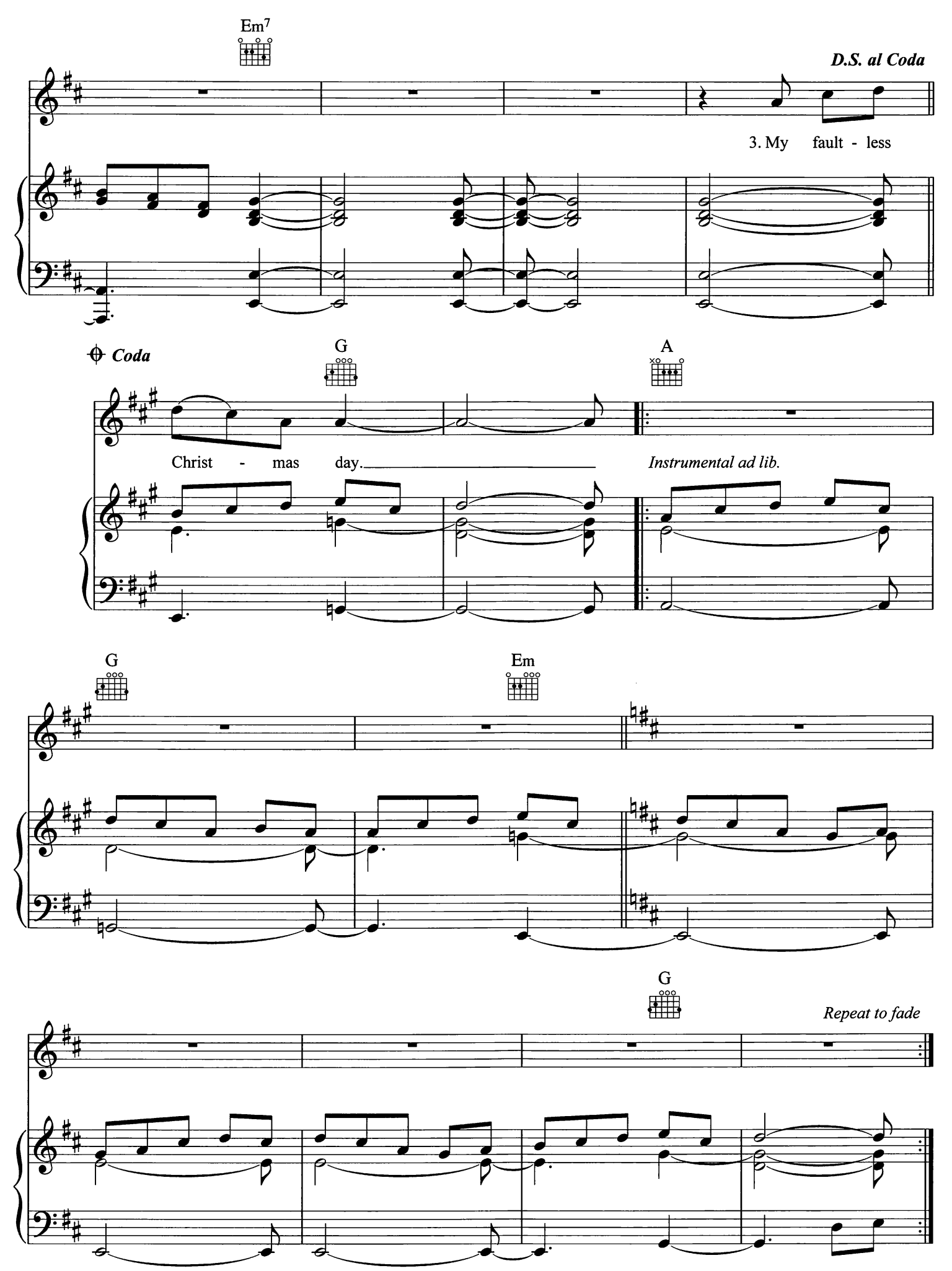

G
was with sud - den heat which made my heart to glow; and lif - ting
fire, and sighs the smoke, the ash - es shame and scorns; the fuel
A
G
Em
up a fear - ful eye to view what fire was near, a pret - ty
jus - tice lay - eth on, and mer - cy blows the coals, the met - al
G
babe all burn - ing bright did in the air ap - pear.
in this fur - nace wrought are men's de - fil - èd souls.
A
G
2. Who, scorch - ëd with ex - ces - sive heat, such floods of
4. For which, as now on fire I am to work them


Em
tears did shed, as though his floods should quench his
to their good, so will I melt in - to a
G
flames which with his tears were fed. A - las, quoth
bath to wash them in my blood. With this he
A
G
Em
he, but new - ly born in fie - ry heats I fry, yet none ap -
van - ished out of sight and swift - ly shrunk a - way, and straight I
G
To Coda
- proach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
call - èd un - to mind that it was


D
C
Am
C
D
C
Am


Em7
D.S. al Coda
3. My fault - less
Coda
G
A
Christ - mas day.
Instrumental ad lib.
G
Em
G
Repeat to fade

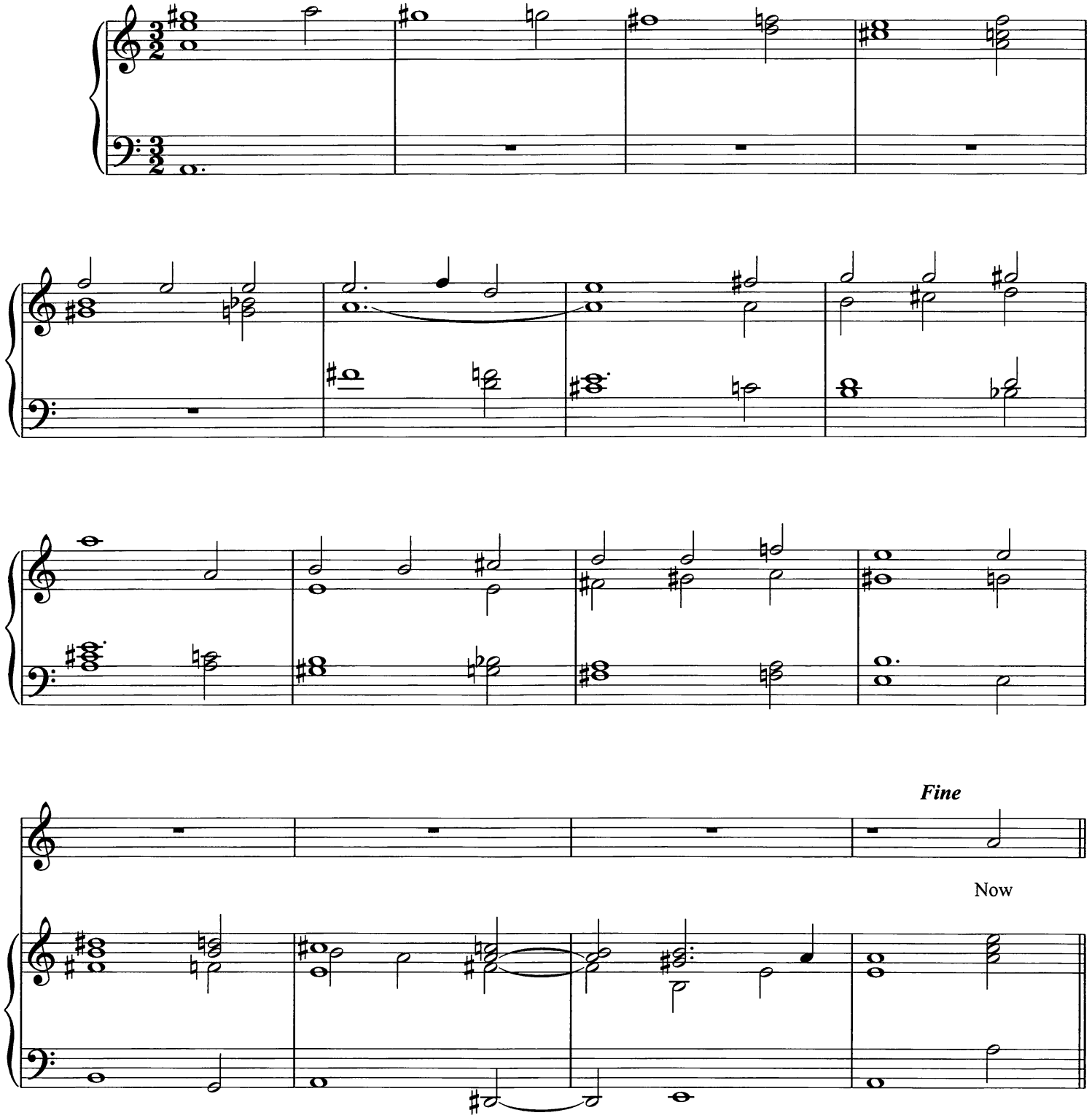
NOW WINTER COMES SLOWLY

Words by Thomas Betterton
Music by Henry Purcell
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin

Original key D♭ major

♩ = 85

N.C.



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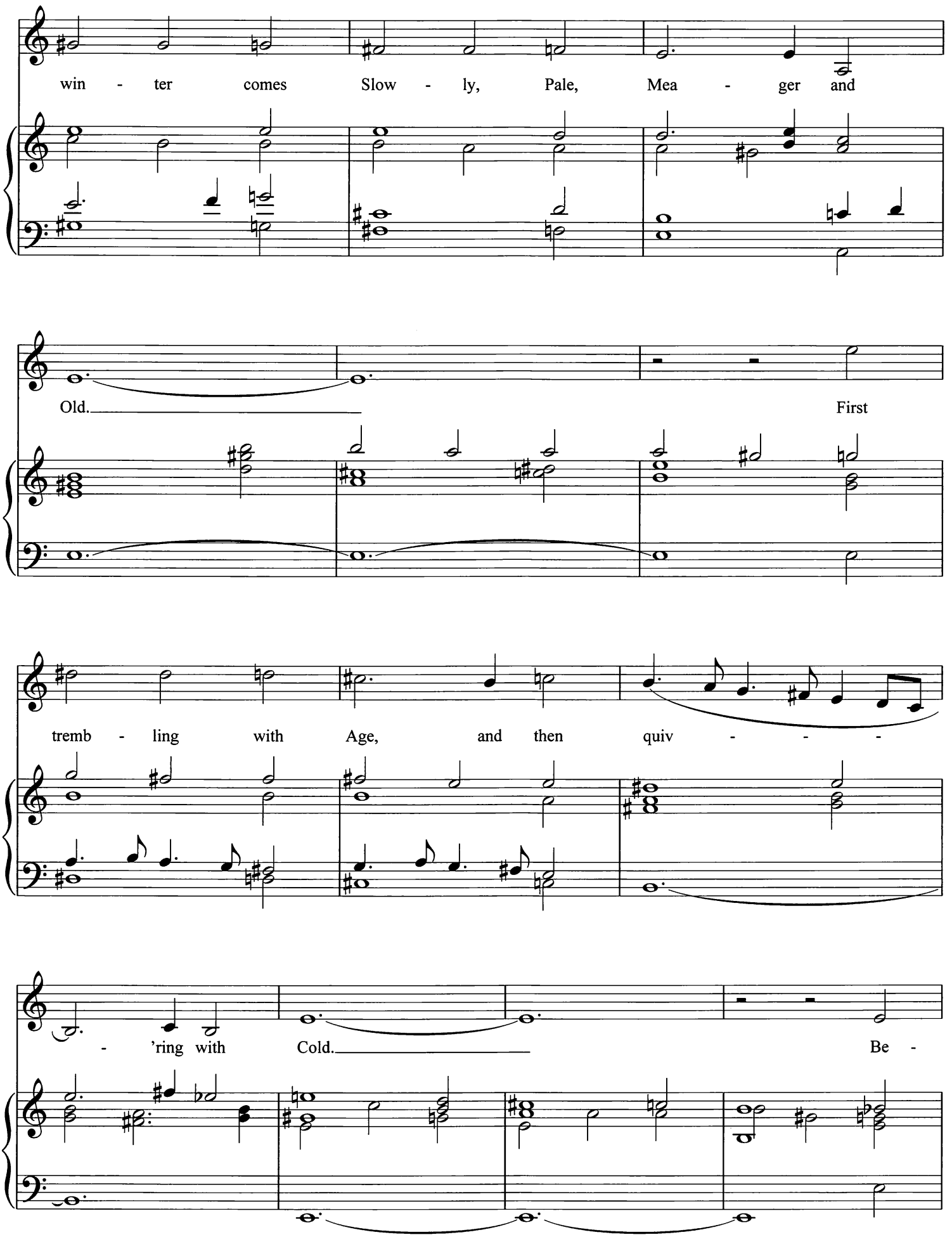
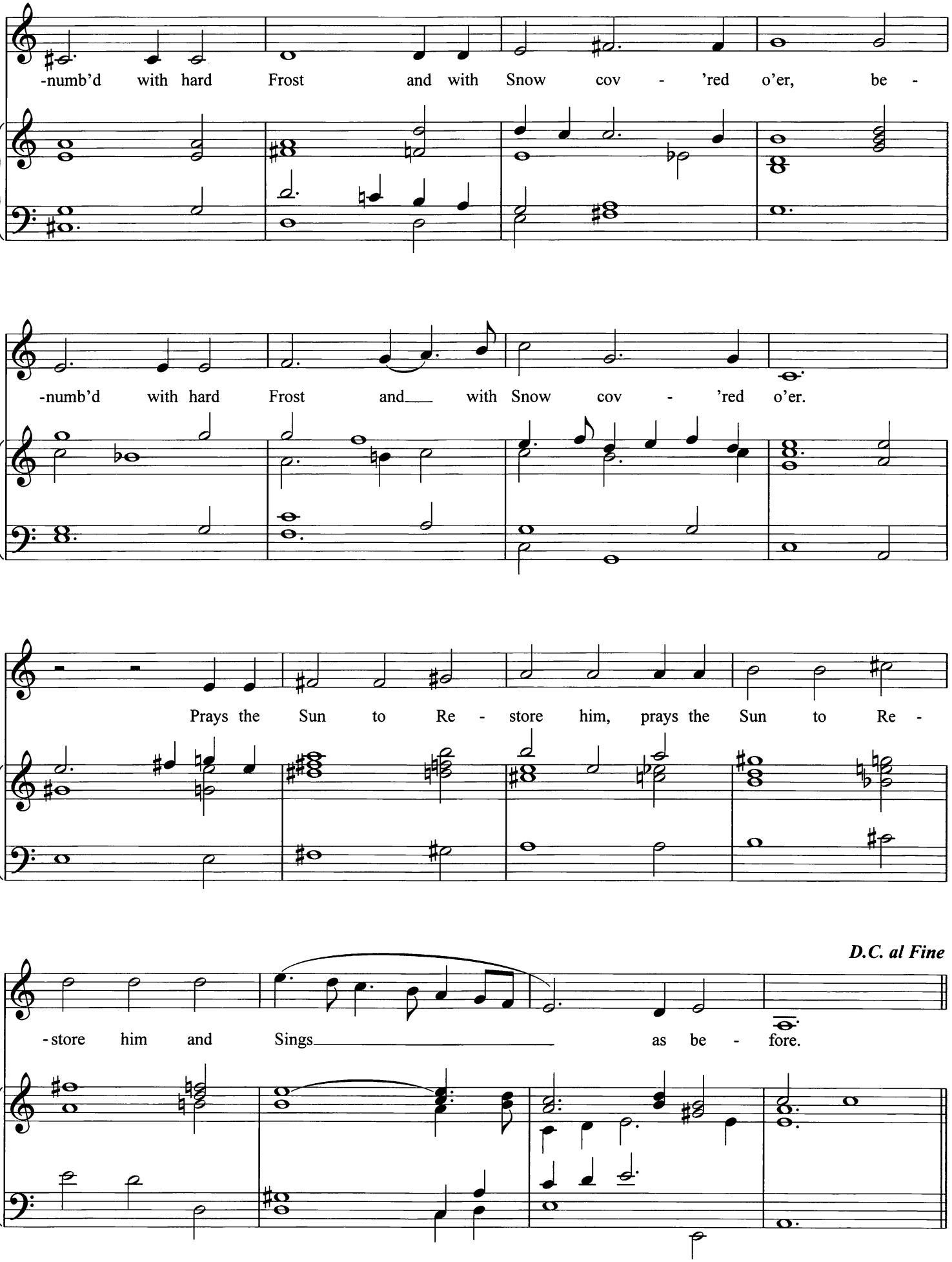
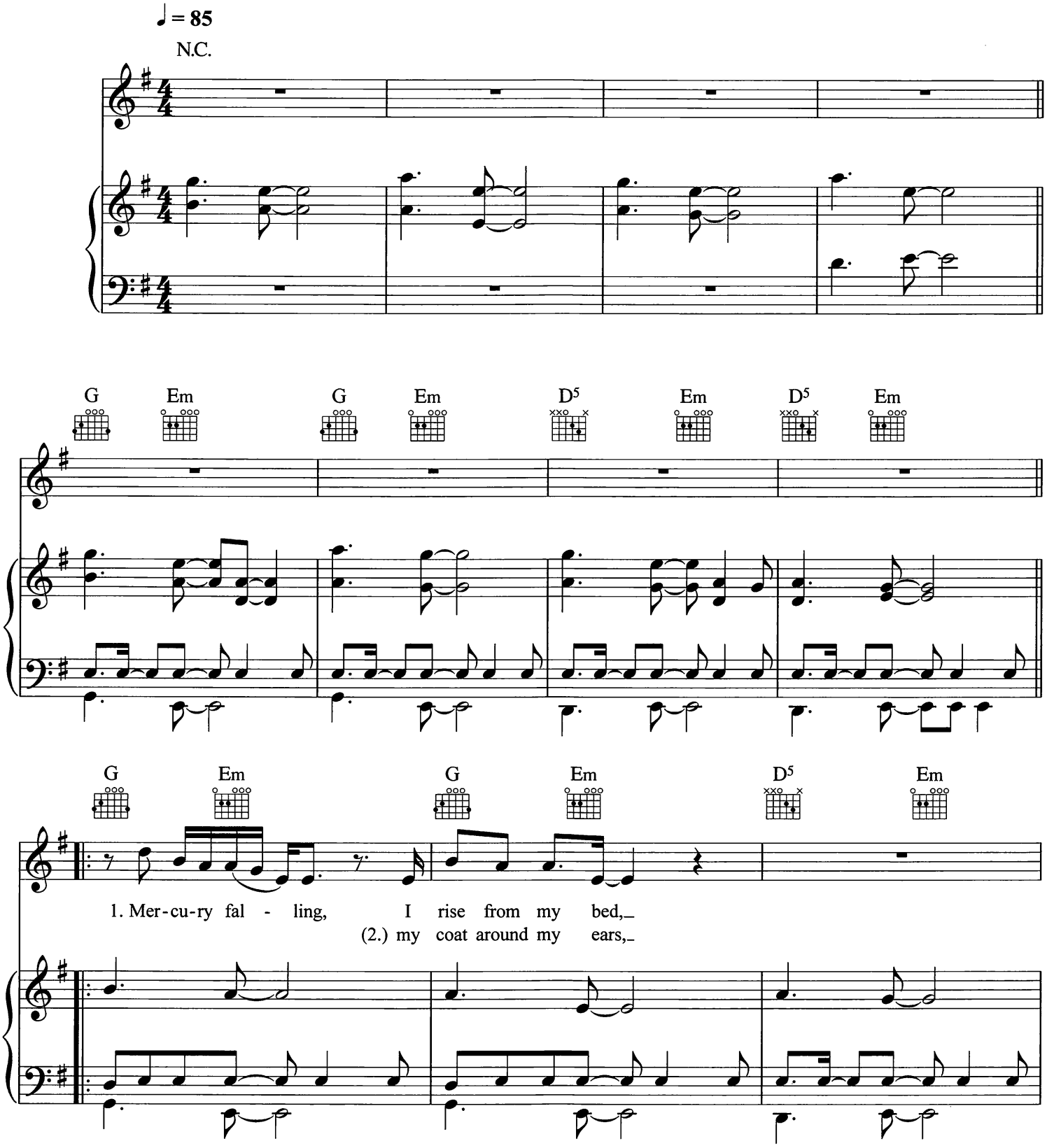

win - ter comes Slow - ly, Pale, Mea - ger and
Old.
First
tremb - ling with Age, and then quiv - - -
- 'ring with Cold.
Be -


-numb'd with hard Frost and with Snow cov - 'red o'er, be -
-numb'd with hard Frost and with Snow cov - 'red o'er.
Prays the Sun to Re - store him, prays the Sun to Re -
D.C. al Fine
- store him and Sings as be - fore.

THE HOUNDS OF WINTER

Words & Music by Sting



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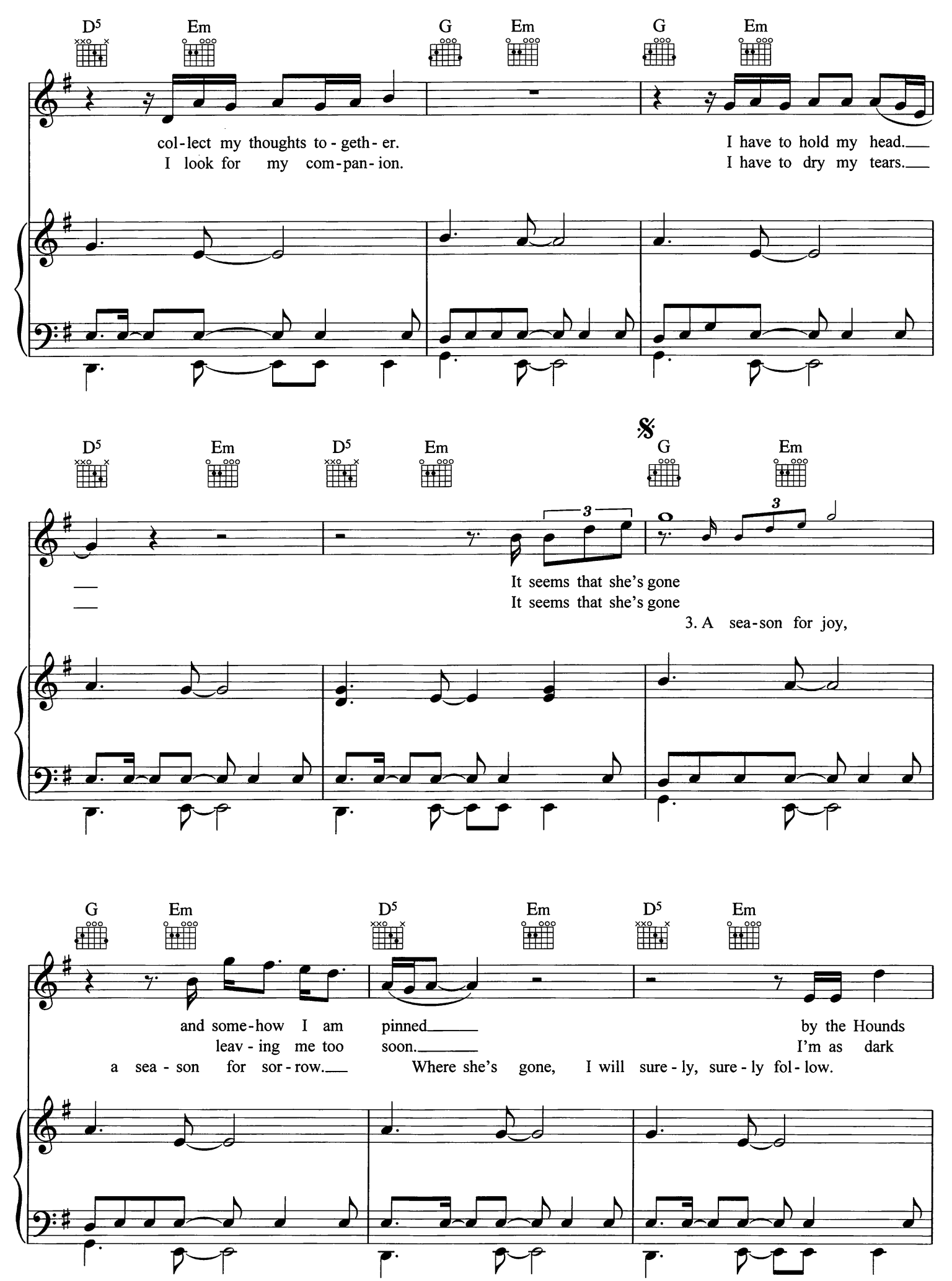
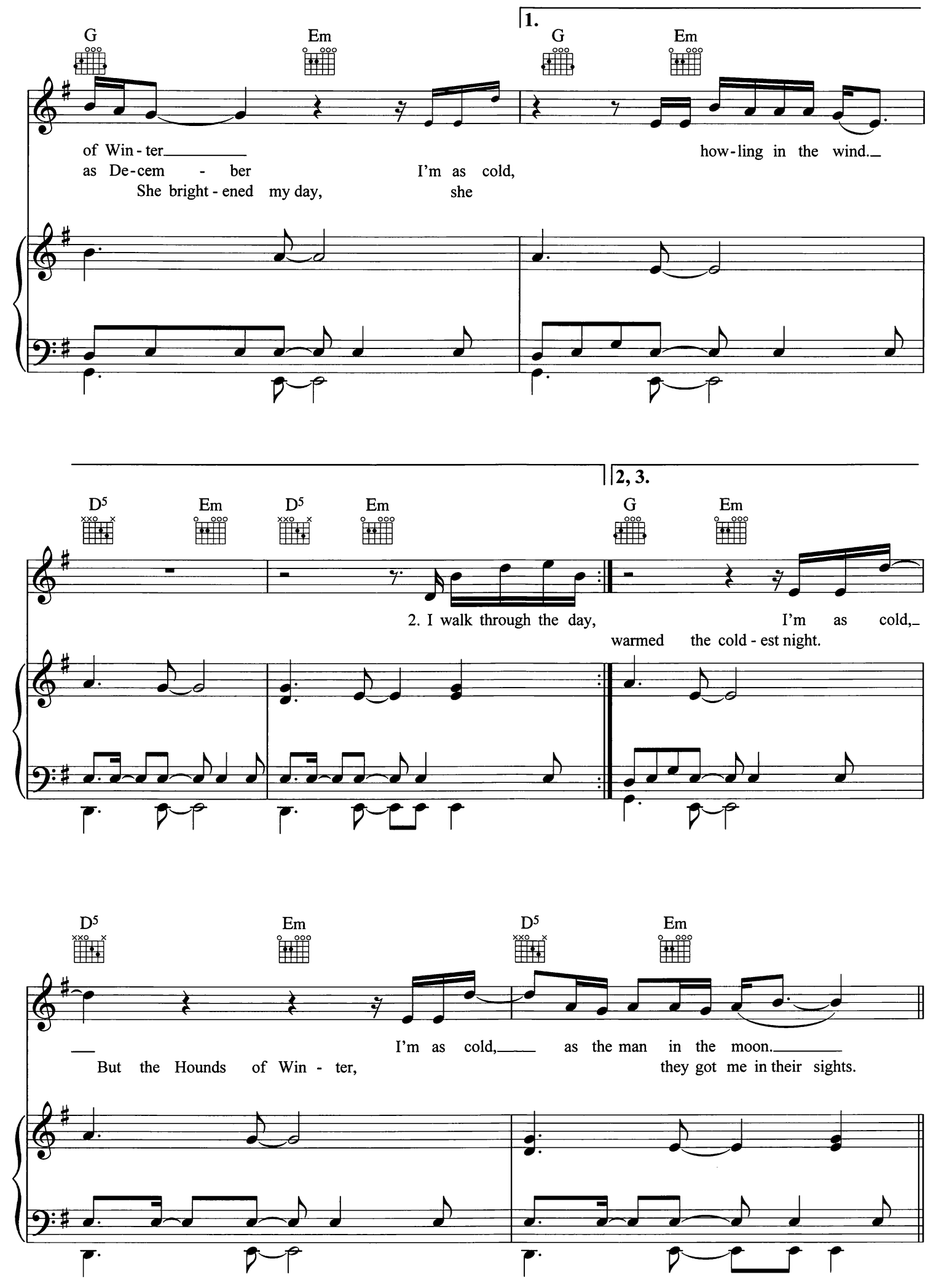
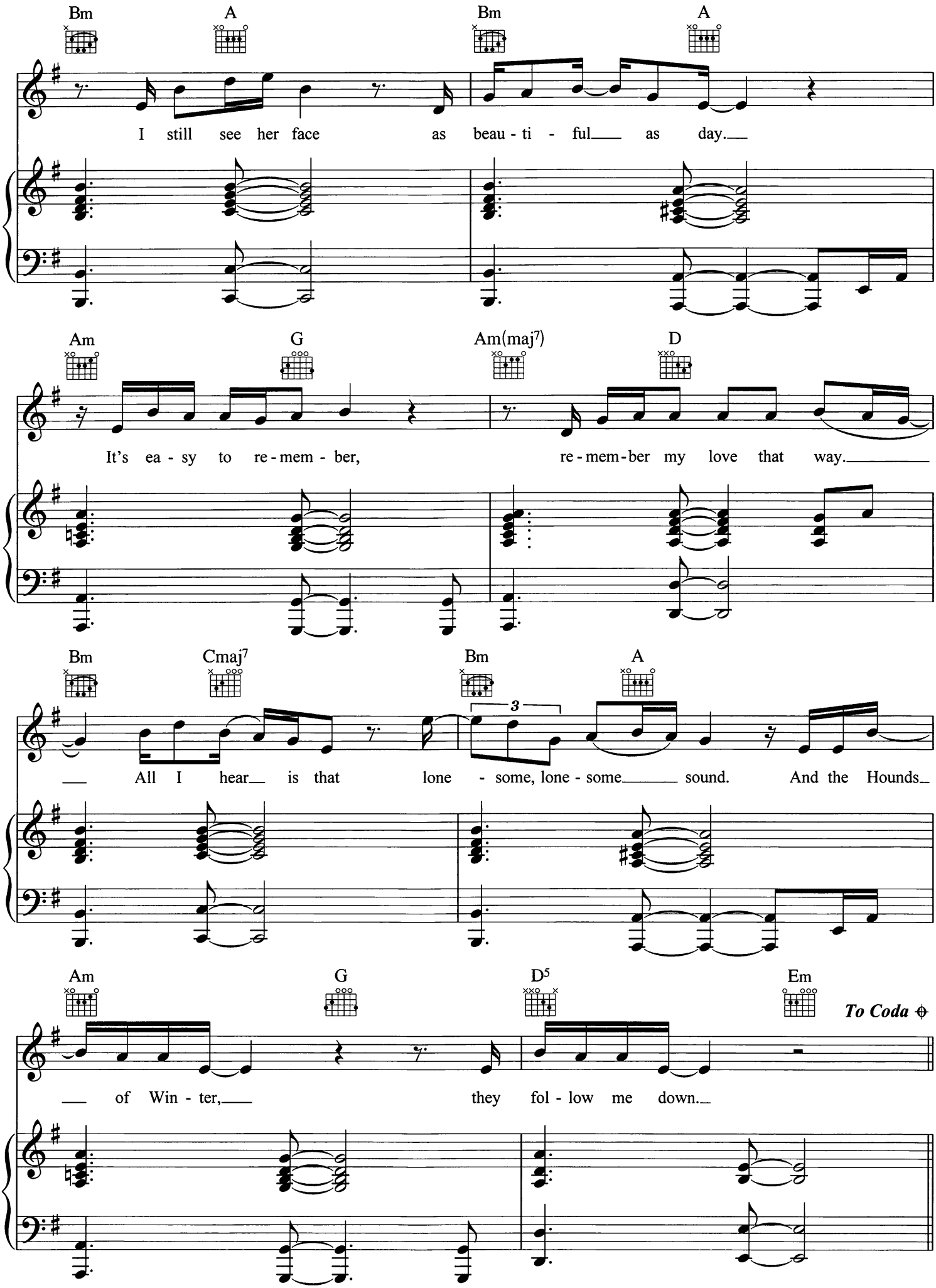
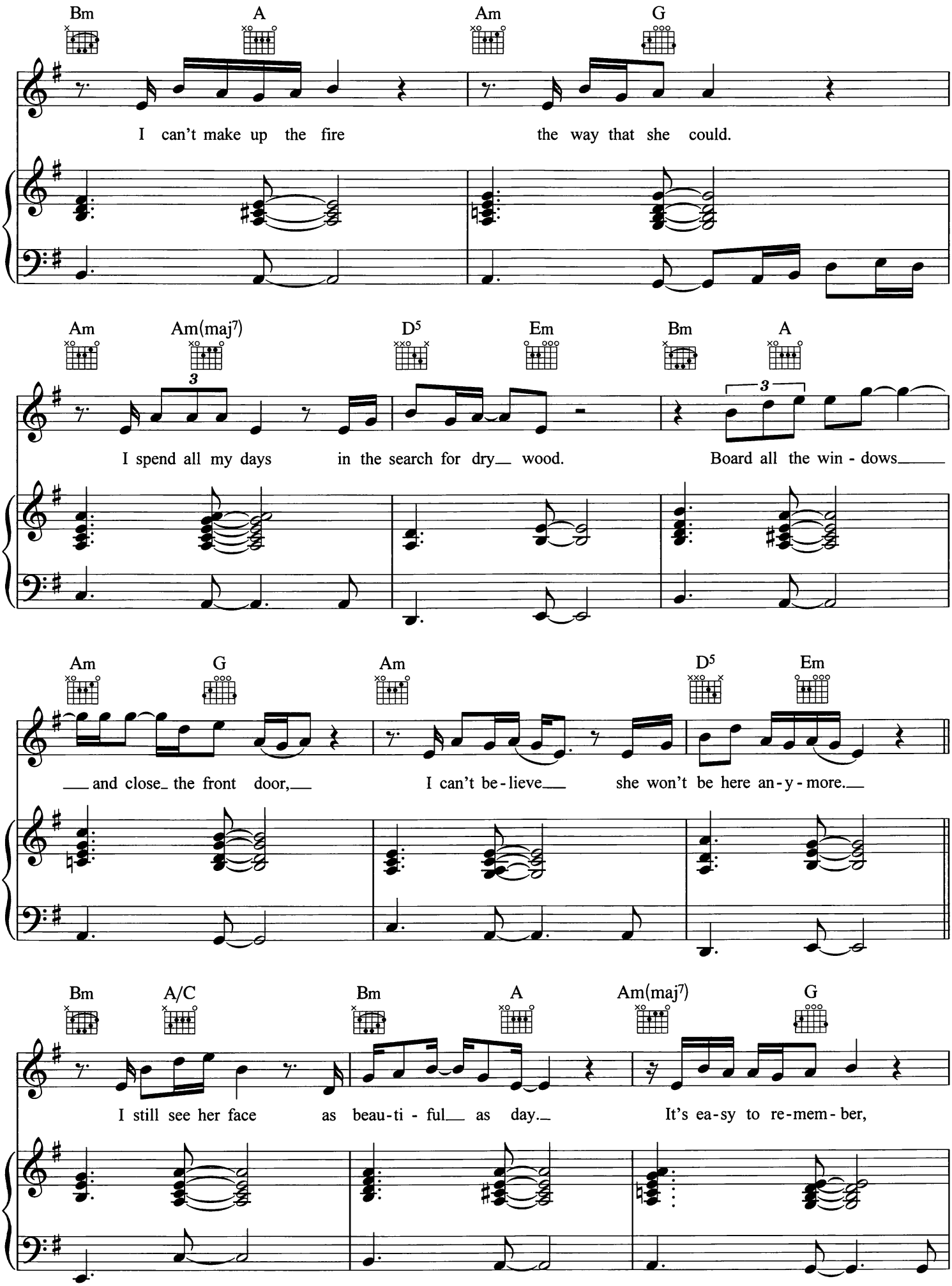
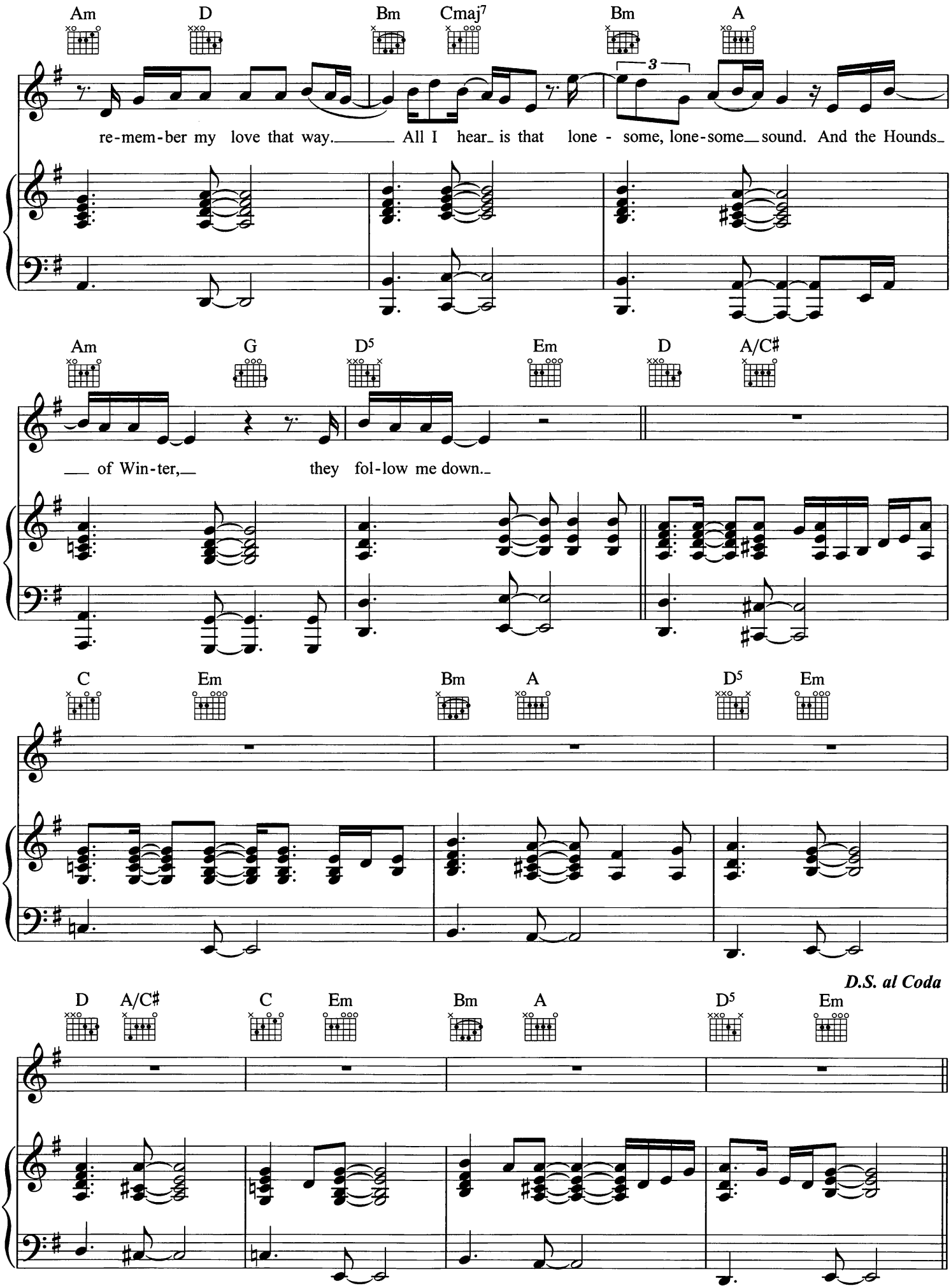
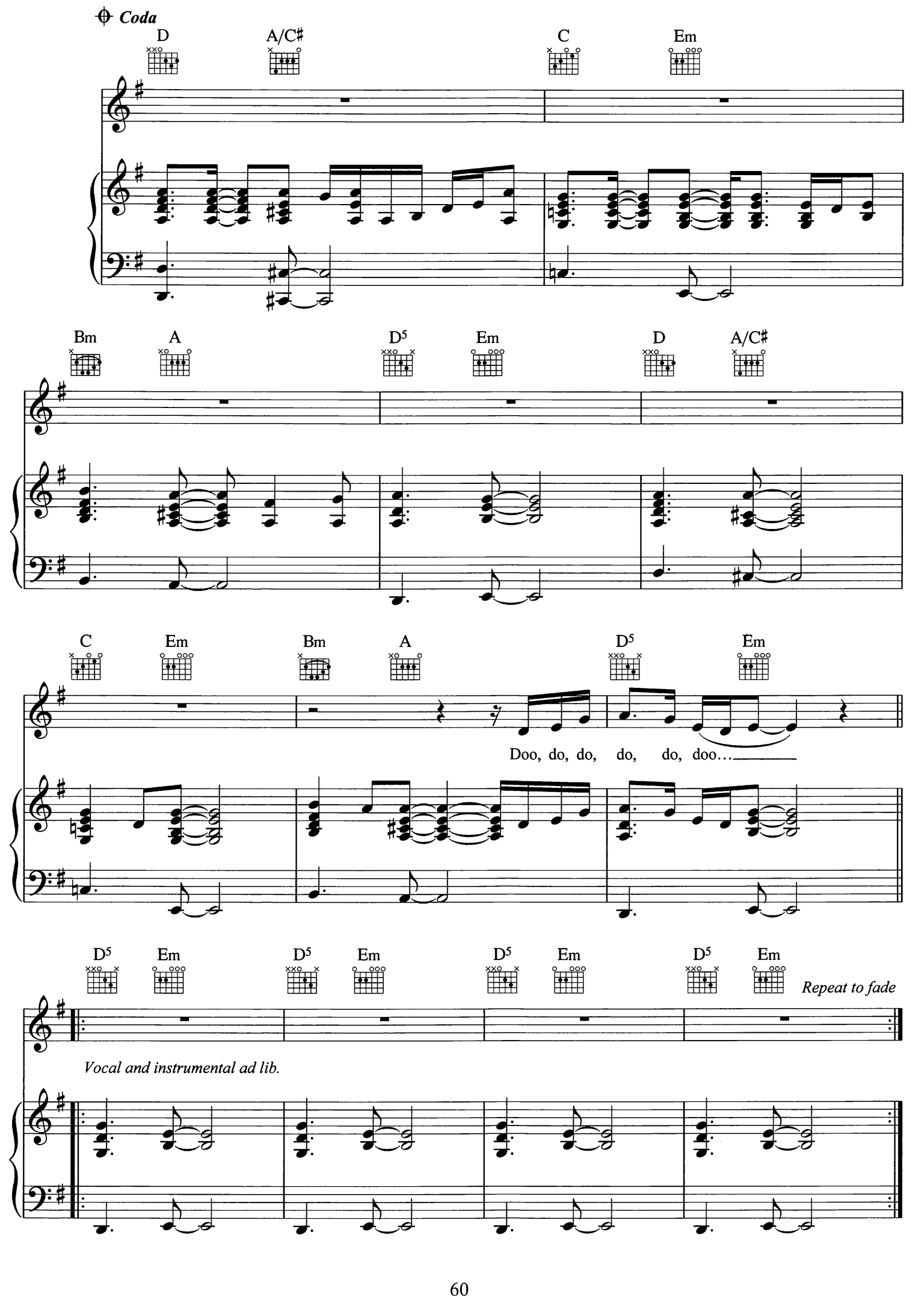

D5 Em G Em G Em
col-lect my thoughts to-geth-er.
I look for my com-pan-ion.
I have to hold my head.
I have to dry my tears.
D5 Em D5 Em G Em
It seems that she's gone
It seems that she's gone
3. A sea-son for joy,
G Em D5 Em D5 Em
and some-how I am pinned by the Hounds
leav-ing me too soon. I'm as dark
a sea-son for sor-row. Where she's gone, I will sure-ly, sure-ly fol-low.


1.
G
Em
G
Em
of Win - ter
how - ling in the wind.
as De - cem - ber
I'm as cold,
She bright - ened my day,
she
2, 3.
D5
Em
D5
Em
G
Em
2. I walk through the day,
I'm as cold,
warmed the cold - est night.
D5
Em
D5
Em
I'm as cold,
as the man in the moon.
But the Hounds of Win - ter,
they got me in their sights.


Bm
A
Bm
A
I still see her face as beau - ti - ful as day.
Am
G
Am(maj7)
D
It's ea - sy to re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber my love that way.
Bm
Cmaj7
Bm
A
All I hear is that lone - some, lone - some sound. And the Hounds
3
Am
G
D5
Em
To Coda
of Win - ter, they fol - low me down.

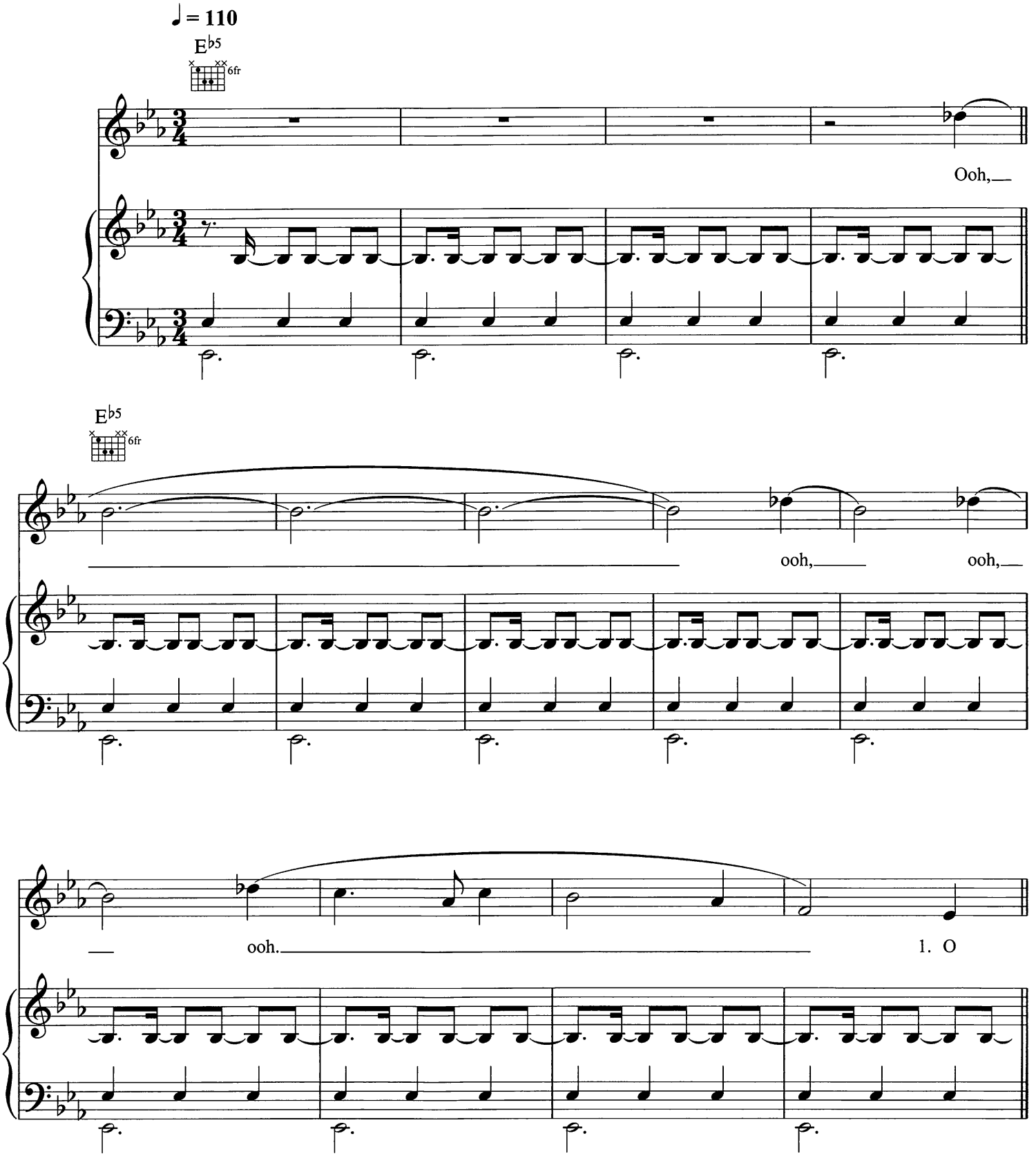

Bm A Am G
I can't make up the fire the way that she could.
Am Am(maj7) D5 Em Bm A
I spend all my days in the search for dry wood. Board all the win - dows
Am G Am D5 Em
and close the front door, I can't be - lieve she won't be here an - y - more.
Bm A/C Bm A Am(maj7) G
I still see her face as beau - ti - ful as day. It's ea - sy to re - mem - ber,


Am D Bm Cmaj7 Bm A
re-mem-ber my love that way. All I hear is that lone - some, lone-some sound. And the Hounds
Am G D5 Em D A/C♯
of Win-ter, they fol-low me down.
C Em Bm A D5 Em
D.S. al Coda
D A/C♯ C Em Bm A D5 Em


Coda
D
A/C♯
C
Em
Bm
A
D5
Em
D
A/C♯
C
Em
Bm
A
D5
Em
Doo, do, do, do, do, doo…
D5
Em
D5
Em
D5
Em
D5
Em
Repeat to fade
Vocal and instrumental ad lib.

BALULALOW

Traditional Words
Music by Peter Warlock
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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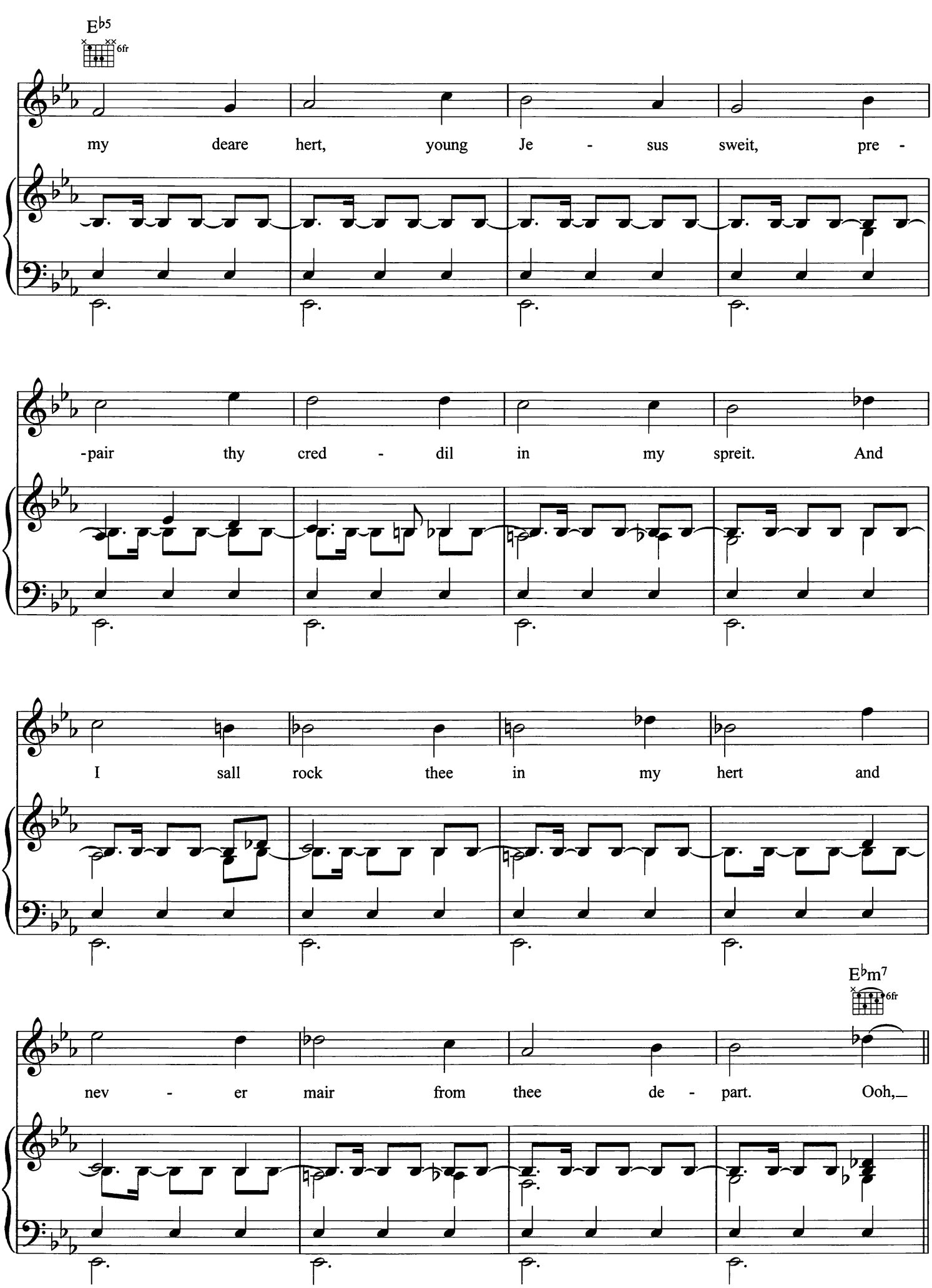
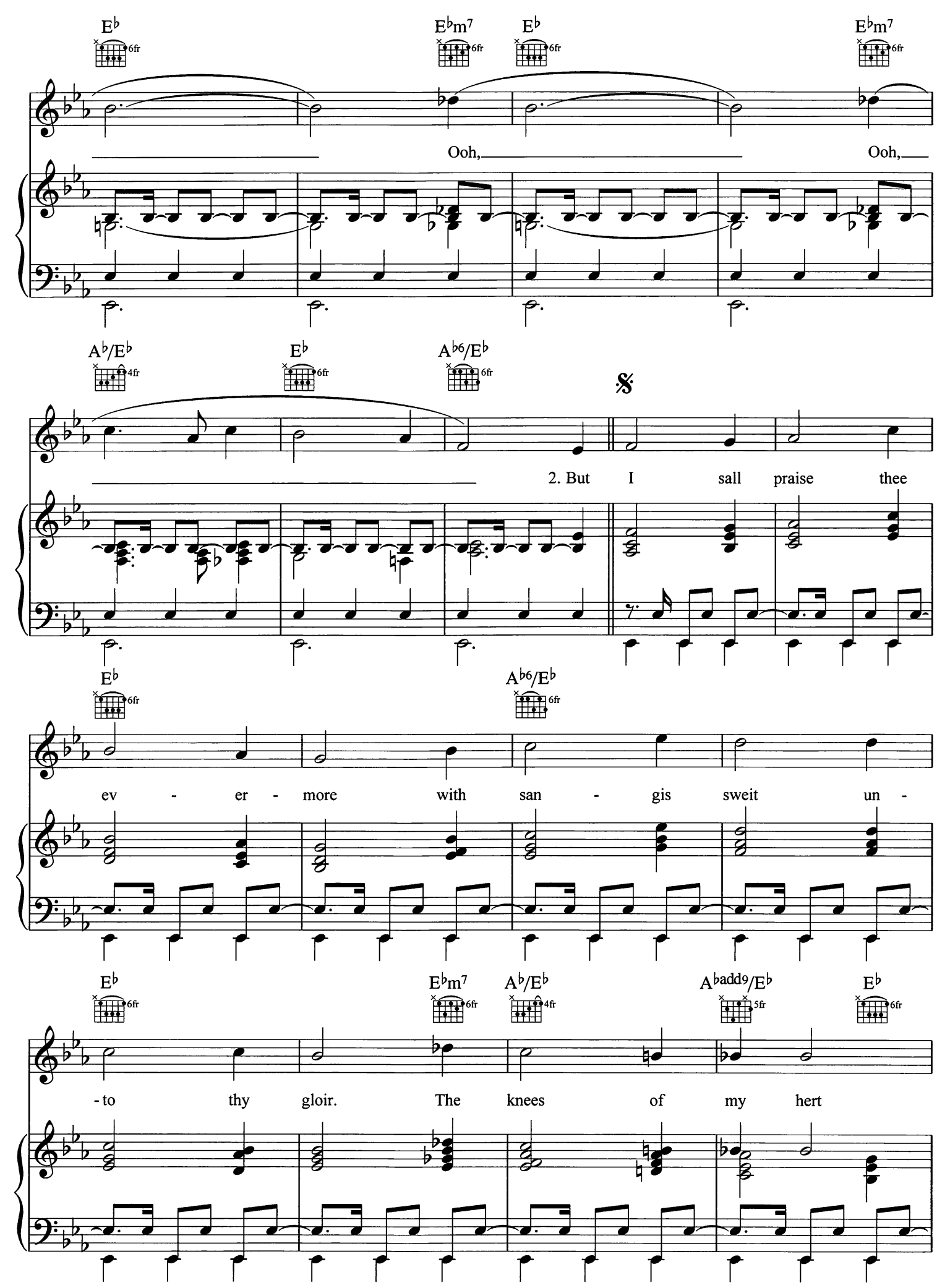
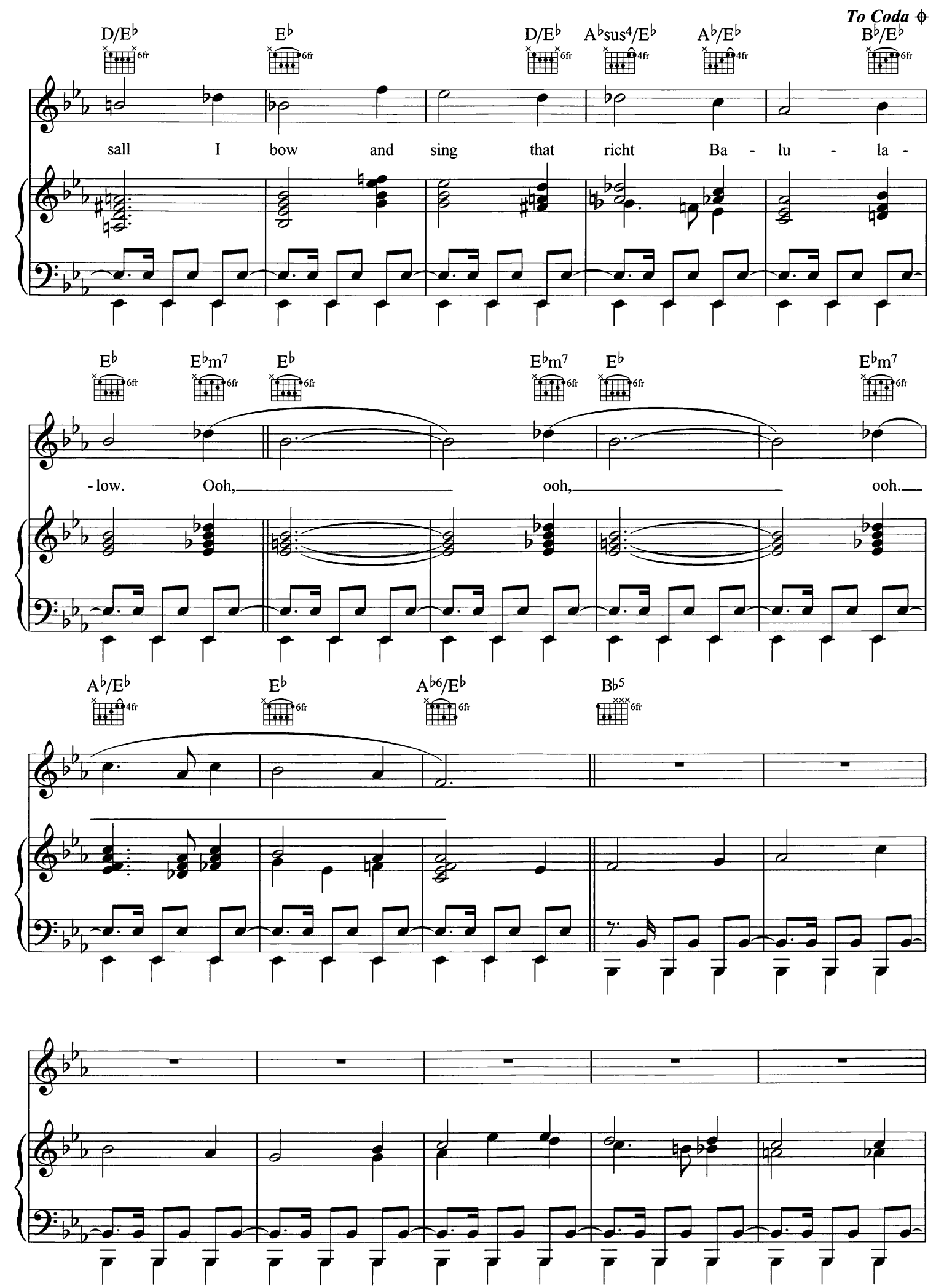
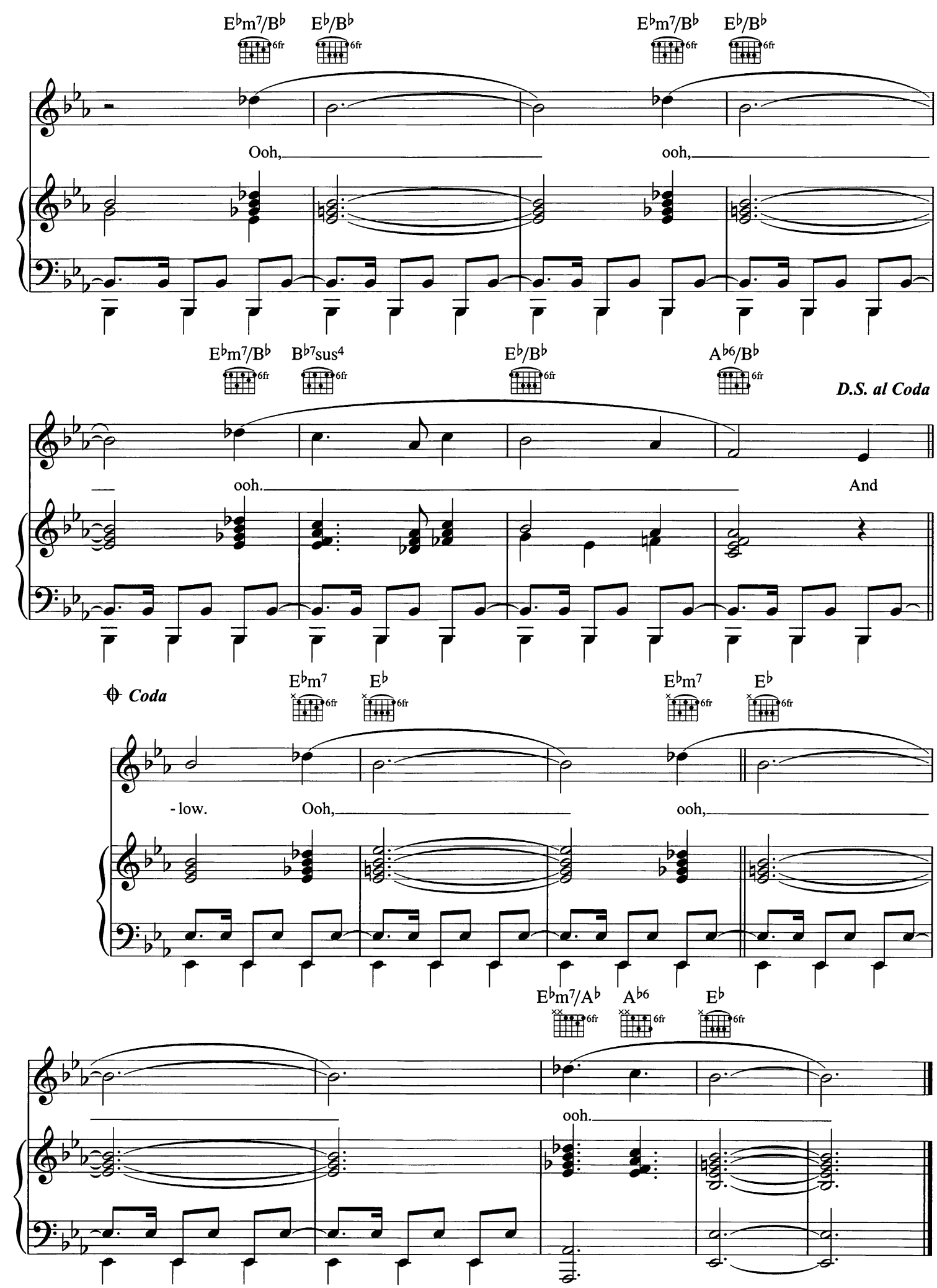

E♭5
6fr
my deare hert, young Je - sus sweit, pre -
-pair thy cred - dil in my spreit. And
I sall rock thee in my hert and
E♭m7
6fr
nev - er mair from thee de - part. Ooh,_

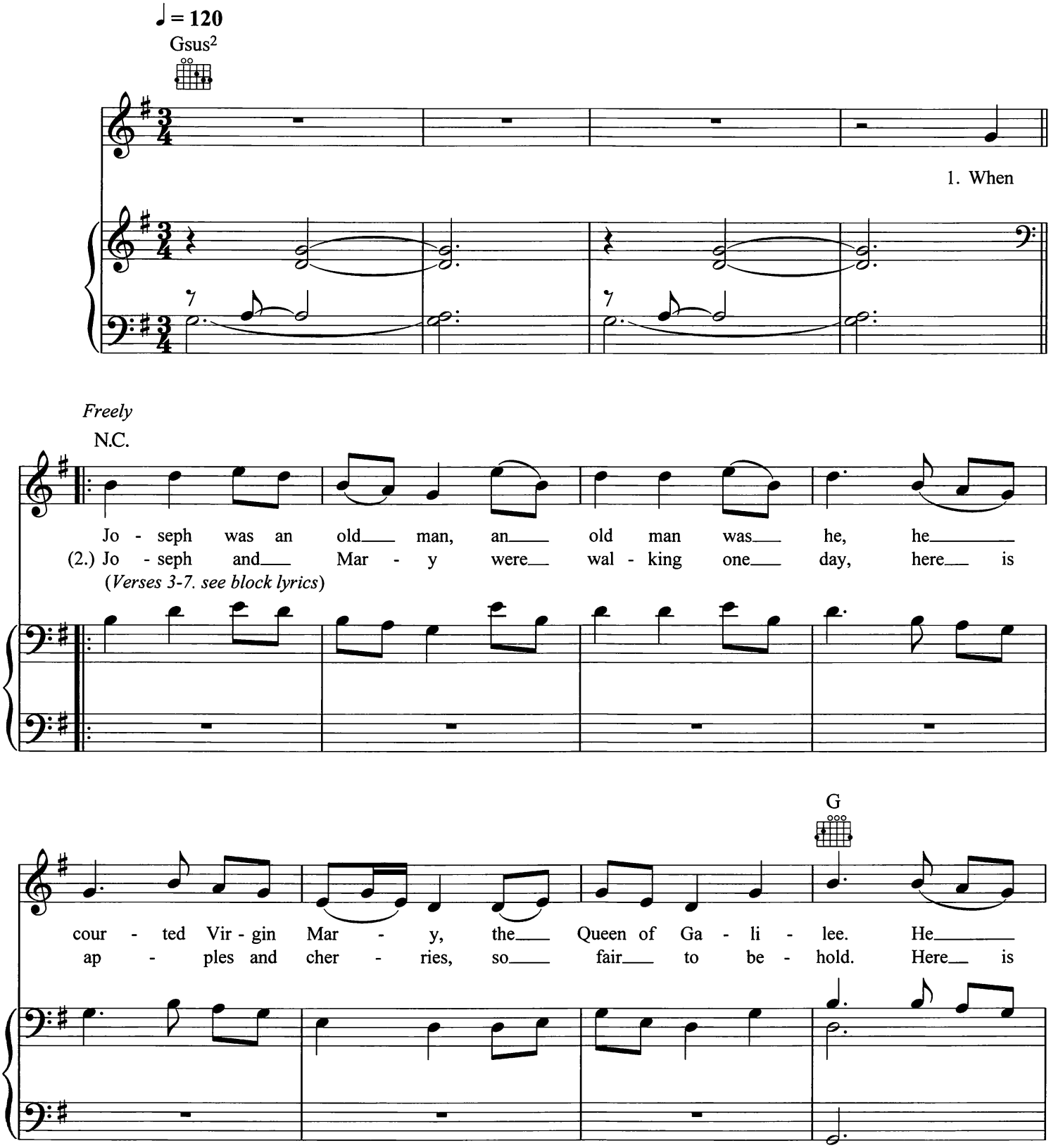

E♭ 6fr
E♭m7 6fr
E♭ 6fr
E♭m7 6fr
Ooh,
Ooh,
A♭/E♭ 4fr
E♭ 6fr
A♭6/E♭ 6fr
𝄋
2. But I sall praise thee
E♭ 6fr
A♭6/E♭ 6fr
ev - er - more with san - gis sweit un -
E♭ 6fr
E♭m7 6fr
A♭/E♭ 4fr
A♭add9/E♭ 5fr
E♭ 6fr
- to thy gloir. The knees of my hert


To Coda
D/E♭
E♭
D/E♭
A♭sus4/E♭
A♭/E♭
B♭/E♭
sall I bow and sing that richt Ba - lu - la -
E♭
E♭m7
E♭
E♭m7
E♭
E♭m7
- low. Ooh, ooh, ooh.
A♭/E♭
E♭
A♭6/E♭
B♭5


E♭m7/B♭
E♭/B♭
E♭m7/B♭
E♭/B♭
Ooh,
ooh,
E♭m7/B♭
B♭7sus4
E♭/B♭
A♭6/B♭
D.S. al Coda
ooh.
And
Coda
E♭m7
E♭
E♭m7
E♭
- low.
Ooh,
ooh,
E♭m7/A♭
A♭6
E♭
ooh.

CHERRY TREE CAROL

Traditional
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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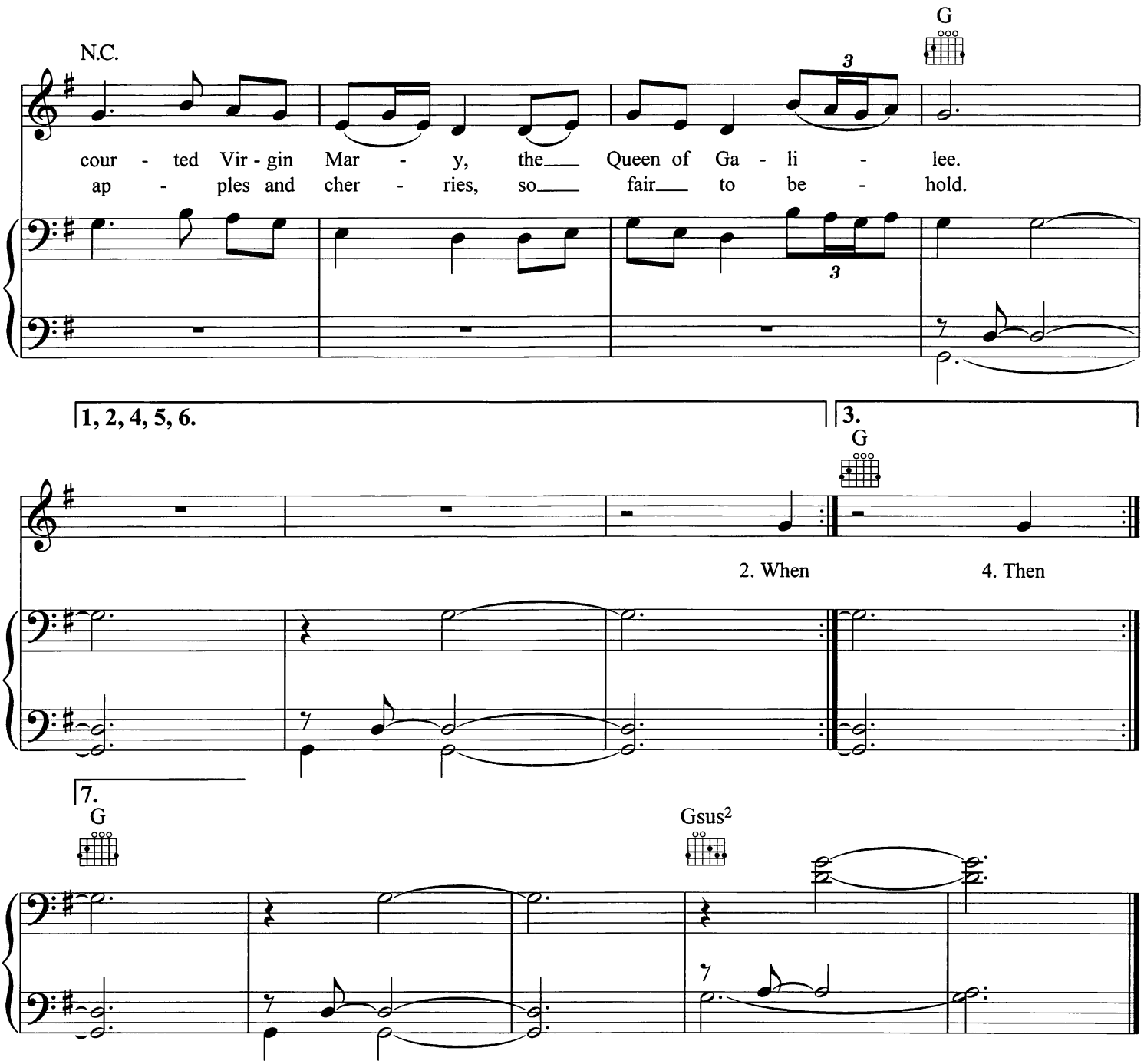


Verse 3:
Then Mary spoke to Joseph, so meek and so mild
"Joseph, gather me some cherries for I am with child"
"Oh, Joseph, gather me some cherries for I am with child."

Verse 4:
Then Joseph flew in anger, in anger he flew
"Oh, let the father of the baby gather cherries for you!"
"Oh, let the father of the baby gather cherries for you!"

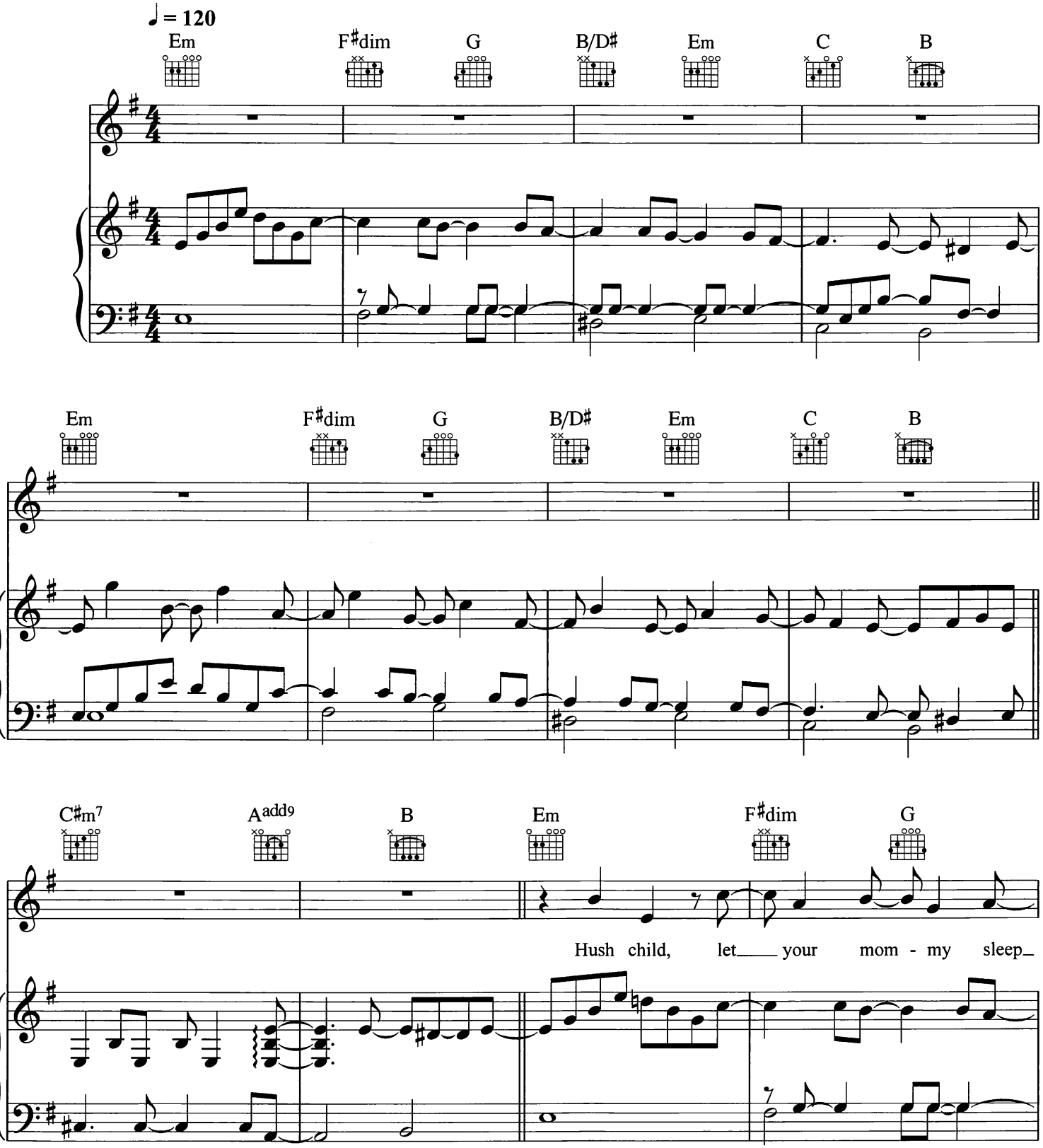
Verse 5:
So the cherry tree bowed low down, low down to the ground
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood down
And Mary gathered cherries while Joseph stood down.

Verse 6:
Then Joseph took Mary all on his right knee
Crying "Lord, have mercy for what I have done!"
Crying "Lord, have mercy for what I have done!"

Verse 7:
When Joseph was an old man, an old man was he
He courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee
He courted Virgin Mary, the Queen of Galilee.

LULLABY FOR AN ANXIOUS CHILD

Words & Music by Sting & Dominic Miller



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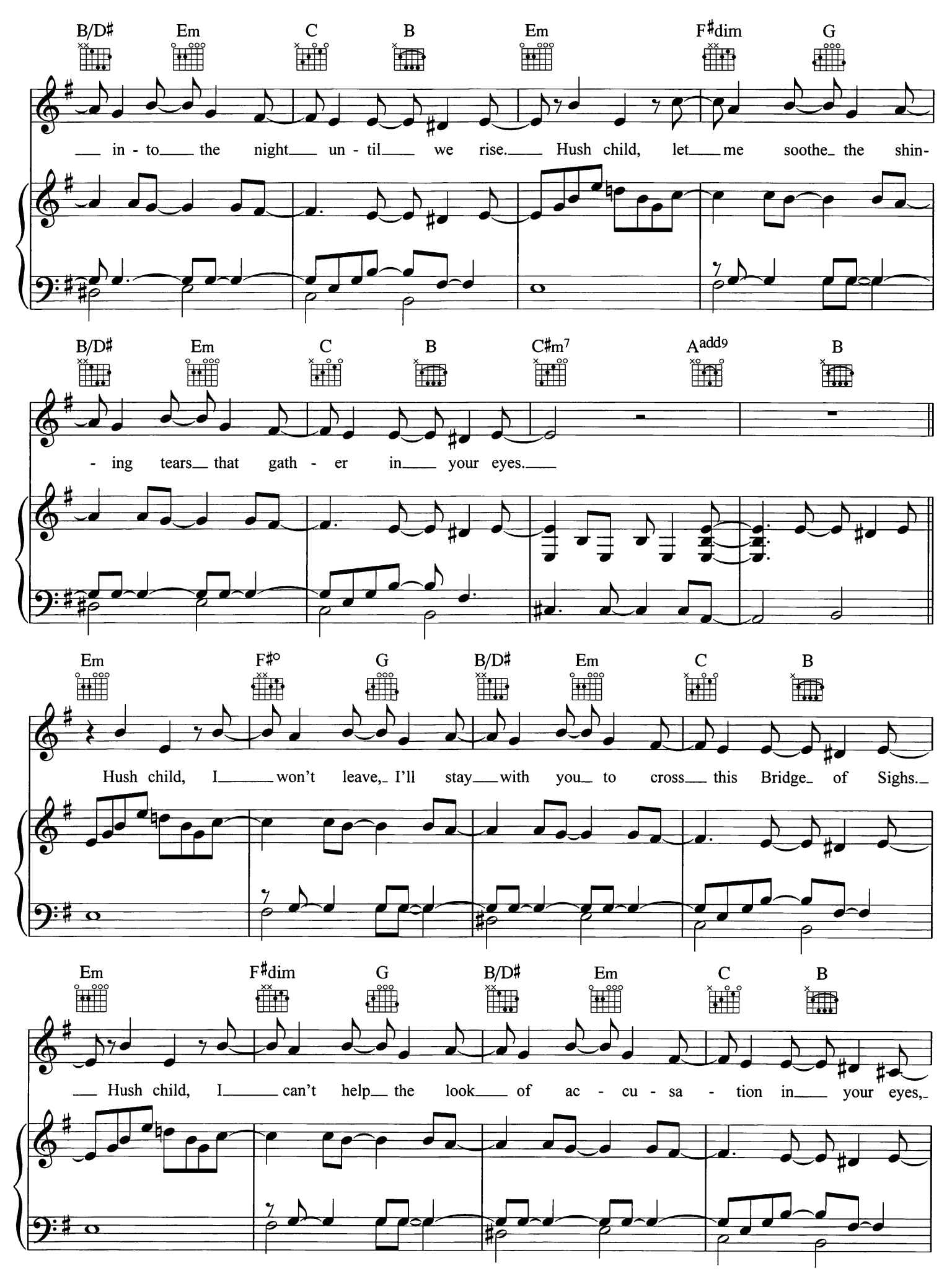
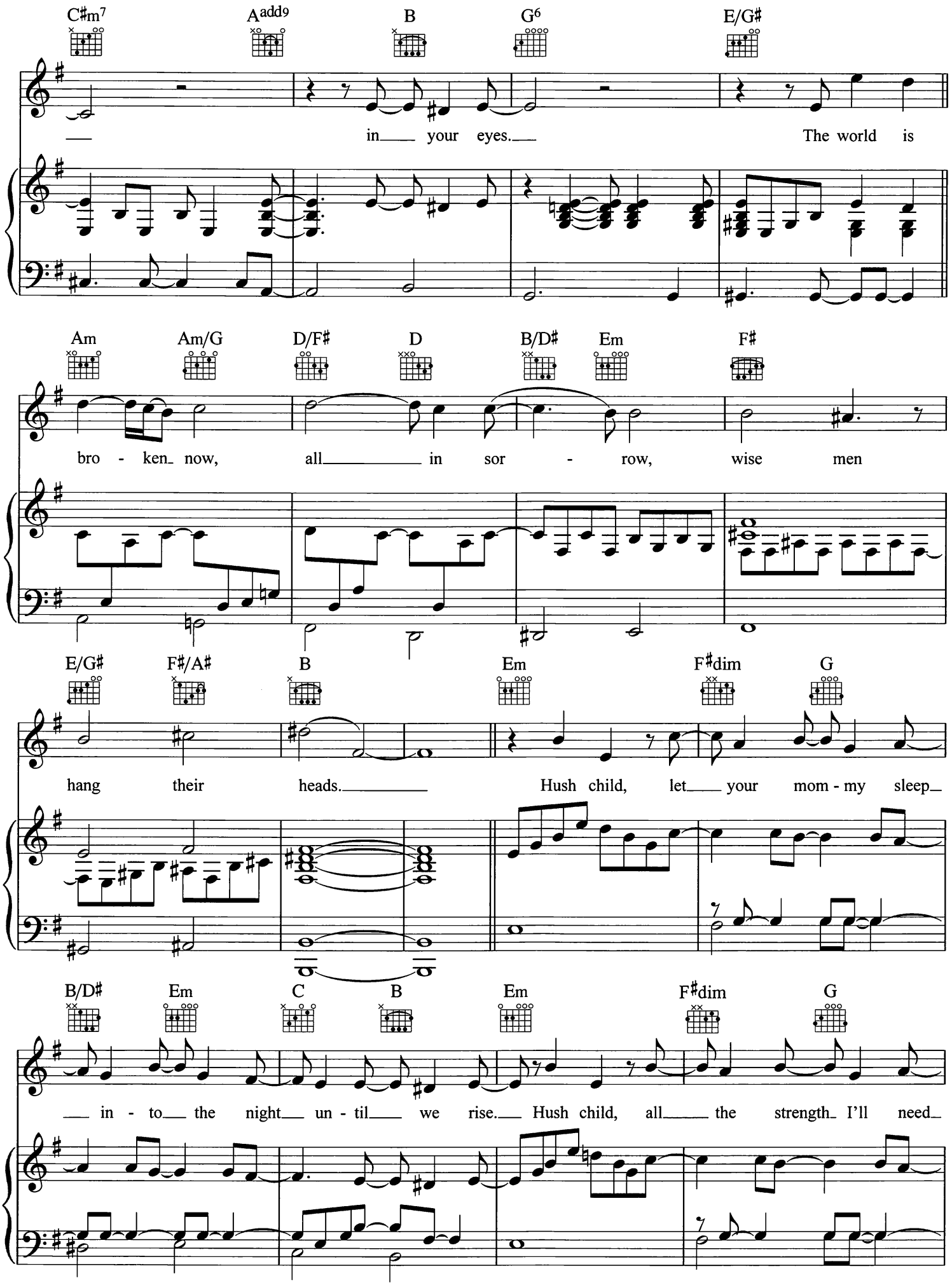
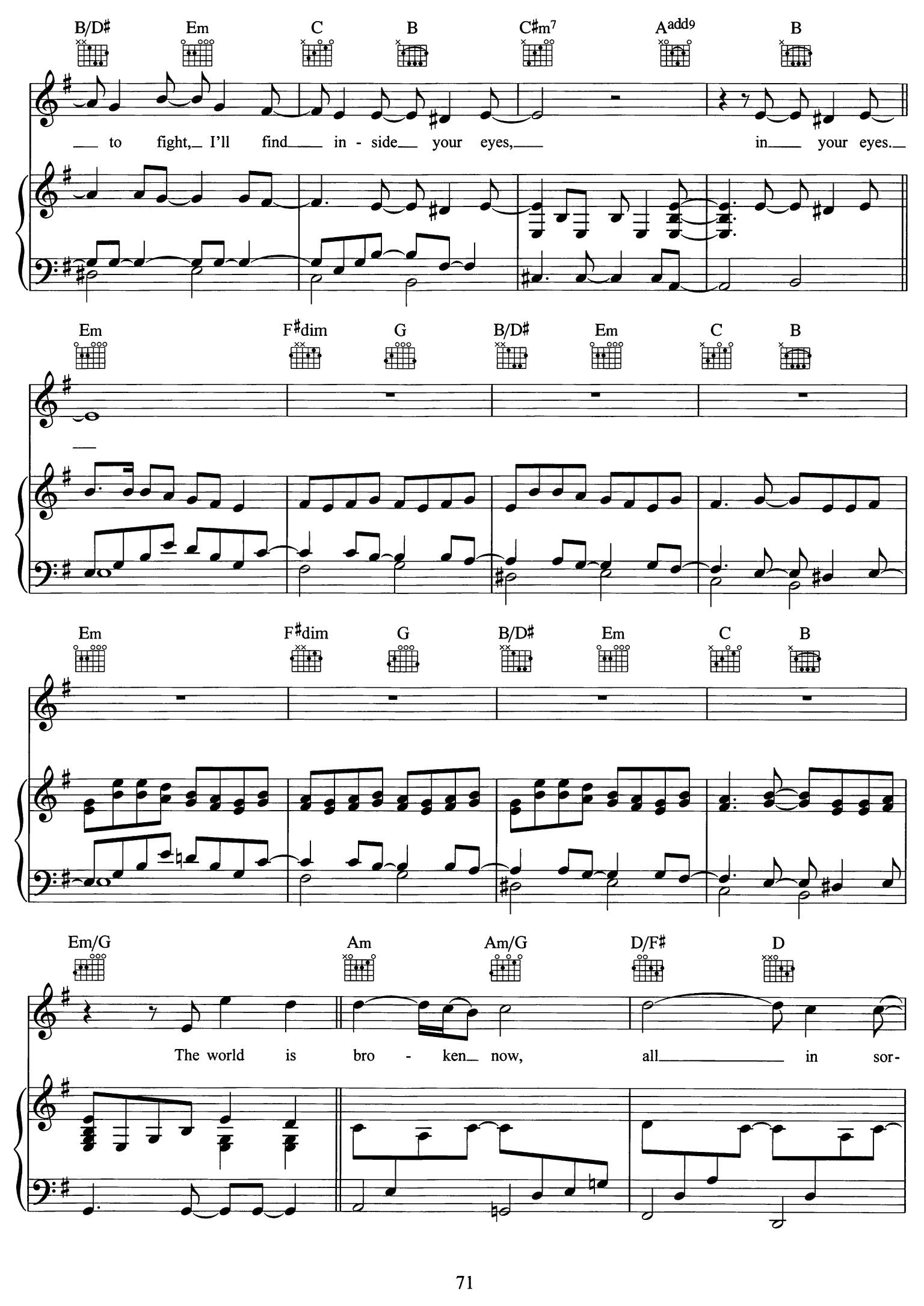
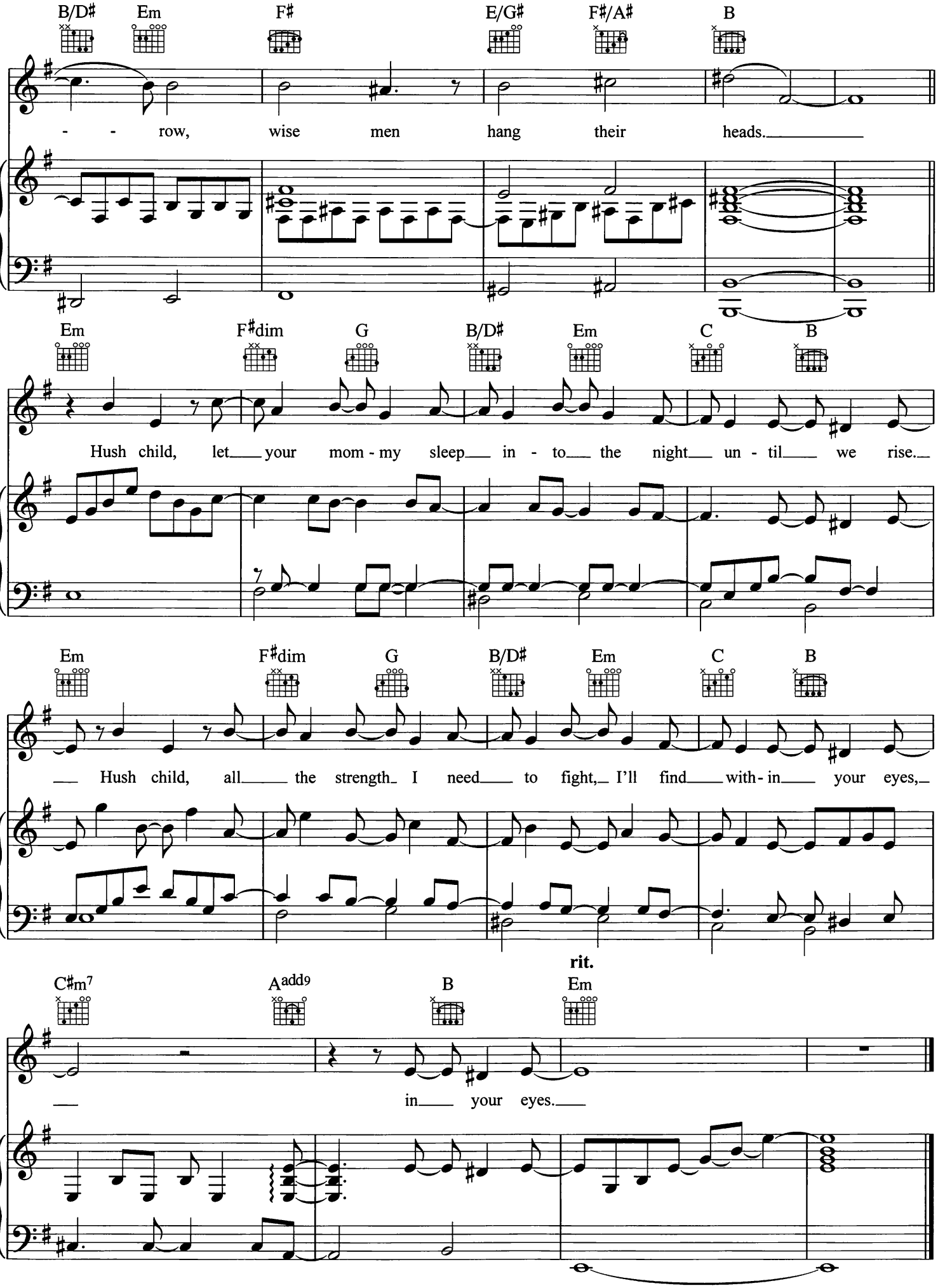

B/D♯ Em C B Em F♯dim G
in - to the night un - til we rise. Hush child, let me soothe the shin-
B/D♯ Em C B C♯m7 A add9 B
- ing tears that gath - er in your eyes.
Em F♯° G B/D♯ Em C B
Hush child, I won't leave, I'll stay with you to cross this Bridge of Sighs.
Em F♯dim G B/D♯ Em C B
Hush child, I can't help the look of ac - cu - sa - tion in your eyes,

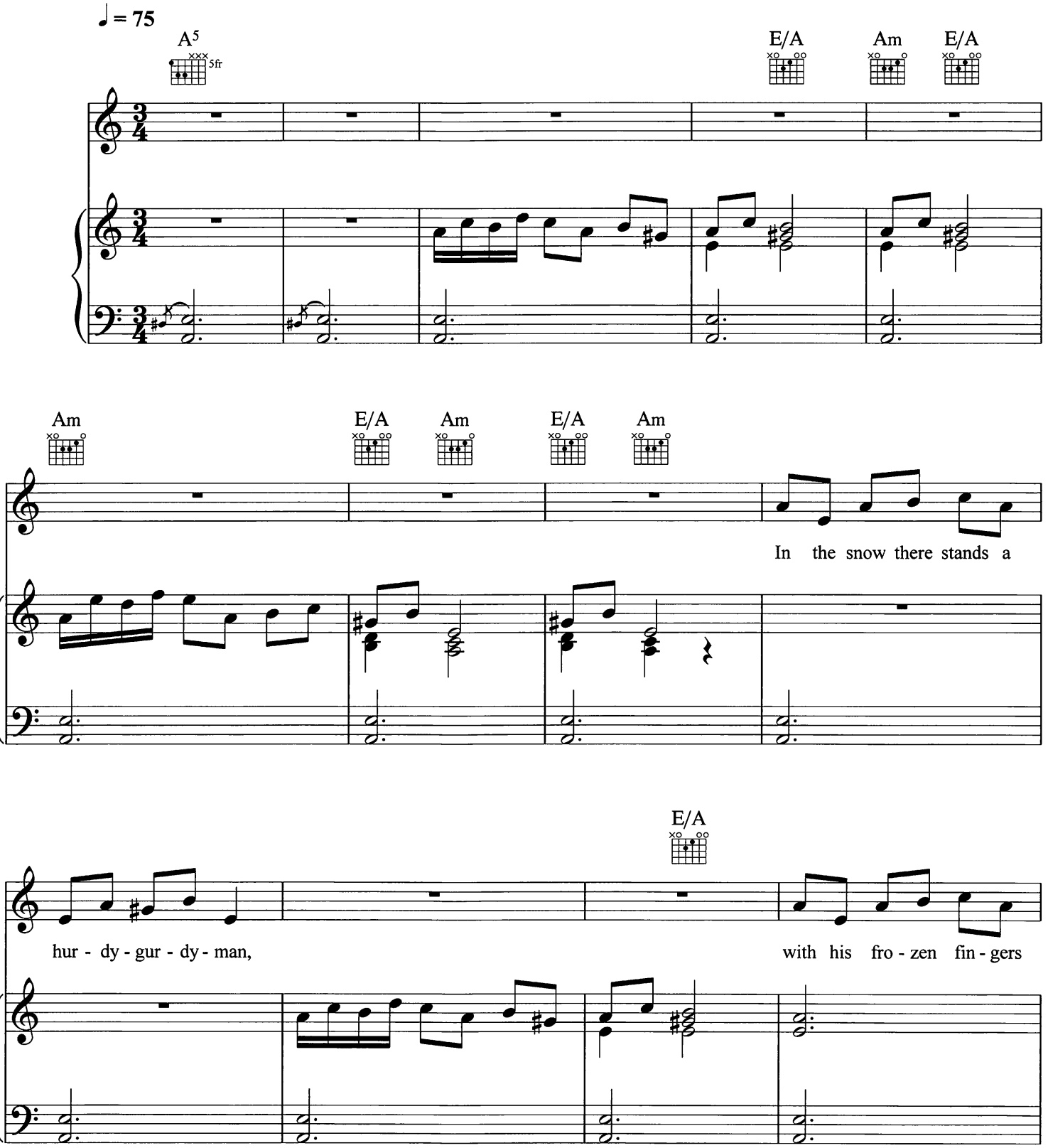

C♯m7
Aadd9
B
G6
E/G♯
in your eyes. The world is
Am
Am/G
D/F♯
D
B/D♯
Em
F♯
bro - ken now, all in sor - row, wise men
E/G♯
F♯/A♯
B
Em
F♯dim
G
hang their heads. Hush child, let your mom - my sleep
B/D♯
Em
C
B
Em
F♯dim
G
in - to the night un - til we rise. Hush child, all the strength I'll need


B/D♯ Em C B C♯m7 Aadd9 B
to fight, I'll find in - side your eyes, in your eyes.
Em F♯dim G B/D♯ Em C B
Em F♯dim G B/D♯ Em C B
Em/G Am Am/G D/F♯ D
The world is bro - ken now, all in sor-


B/D♯ Em F♯ E/G♯ F♯/A♯ B
- - row, wise men hang their heads.
Em F♯dim G B/D♯ Em C B
Hush child, let your mom - my sleep in - to the night un - til we rise.
Em F♯dim G B/D♯ Em C B
Hush child, all the strength I need to fight, I'll find with - in your eyes,
rit.
C♯m7 Aadd9 B Em
in your eyes.

HURDY-GURDY MAN

Words by Wilhelm Müller
Music by Franz Schubert
English Adaptation by Sting
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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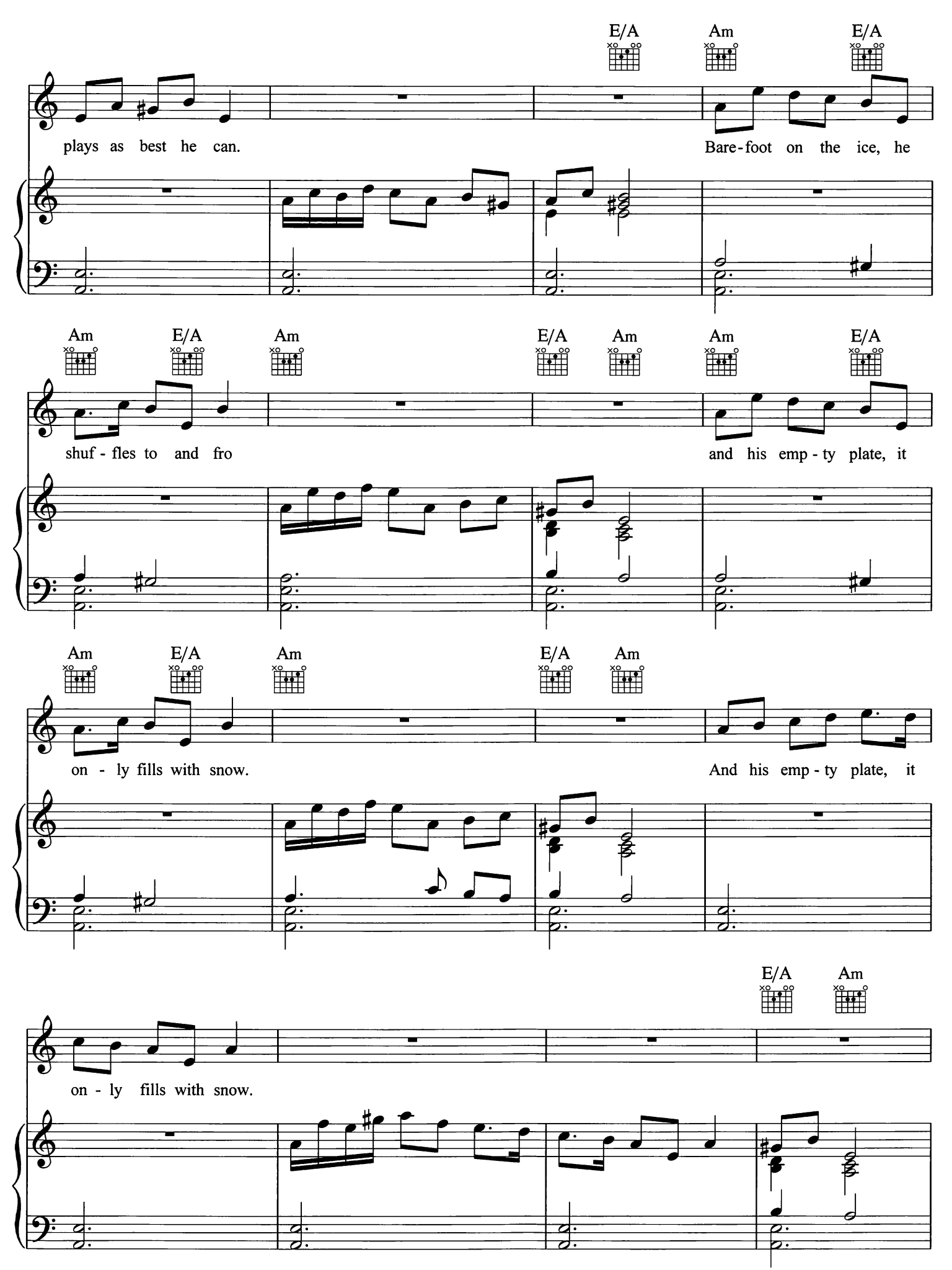
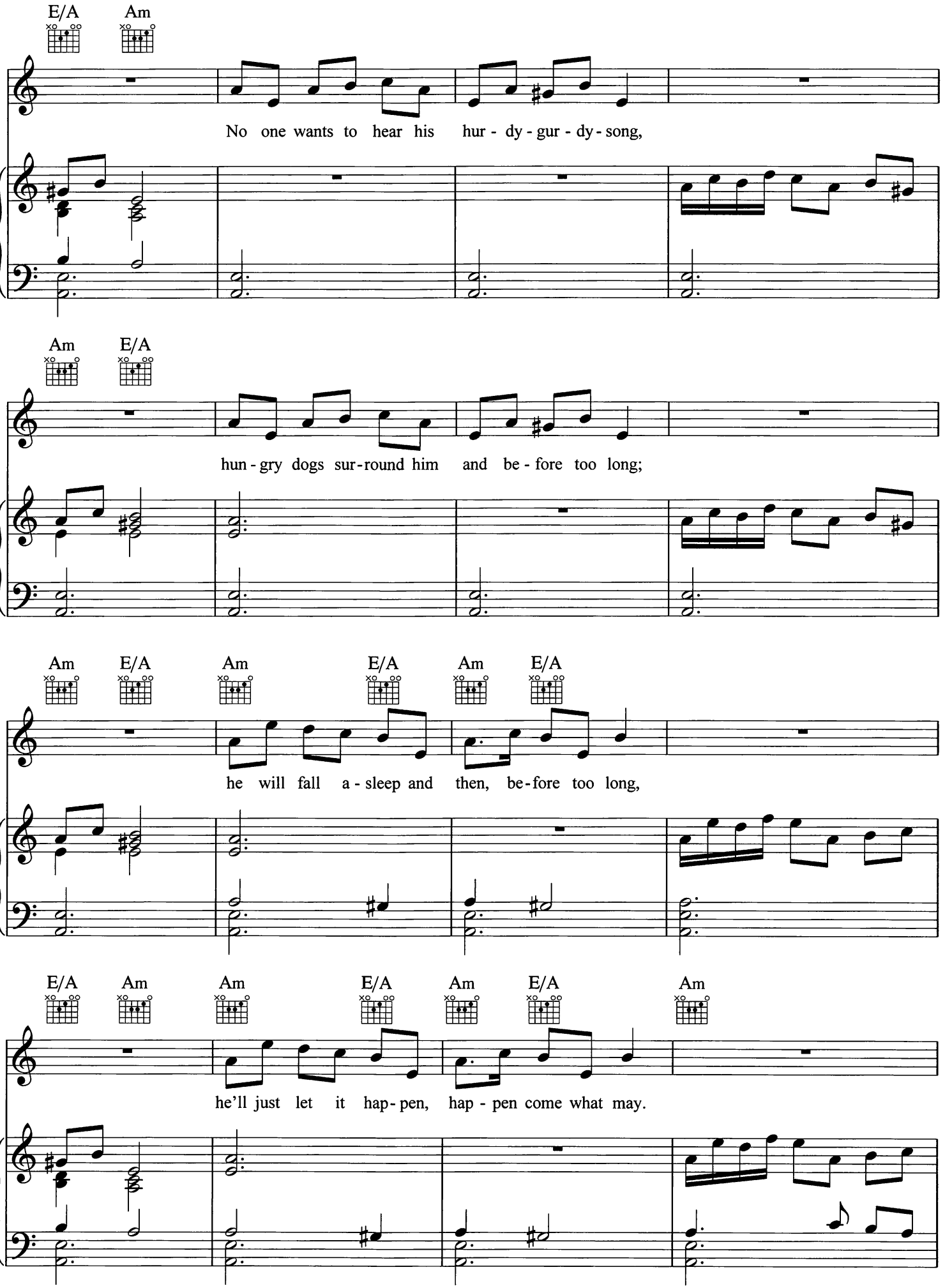
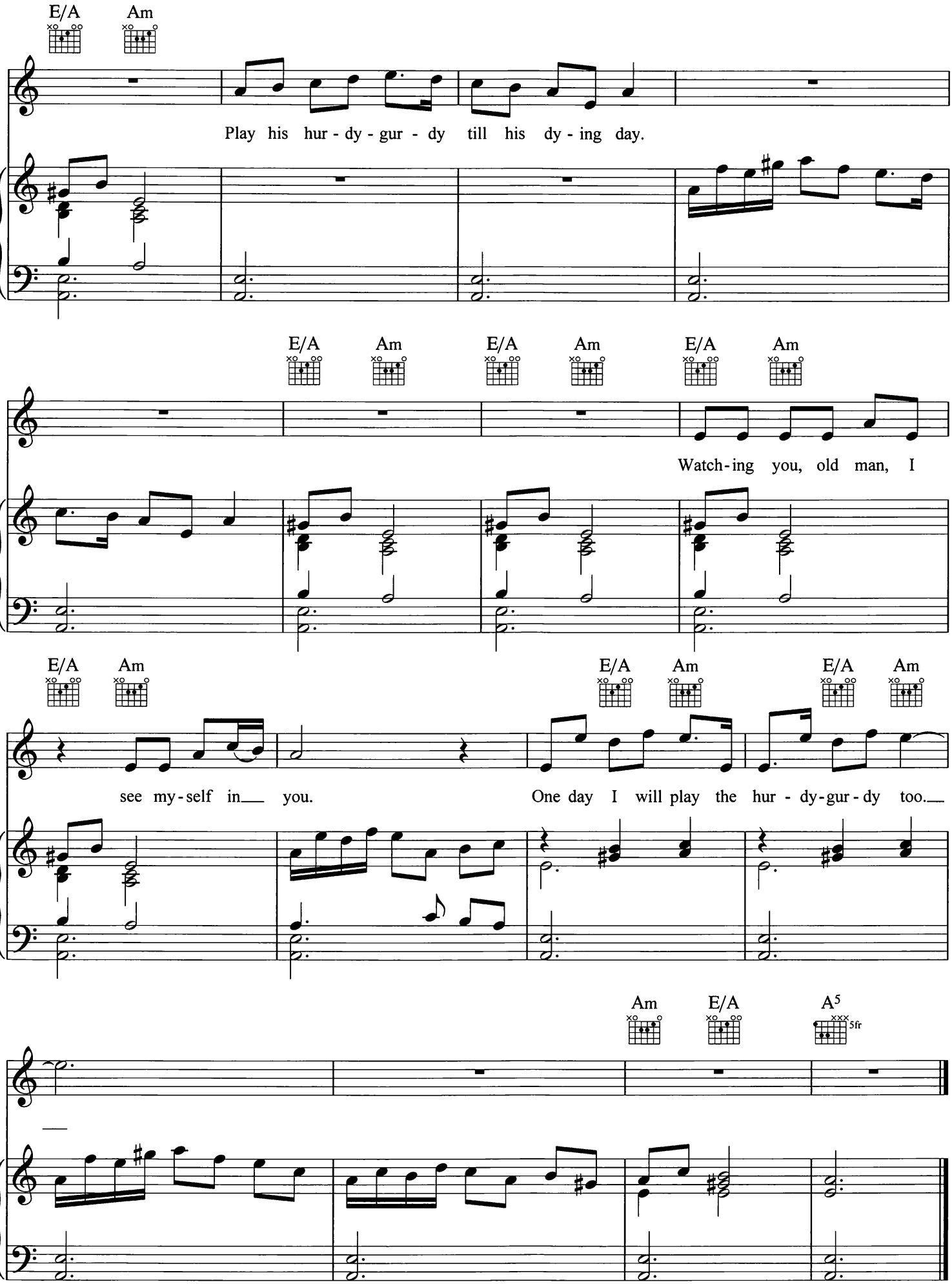
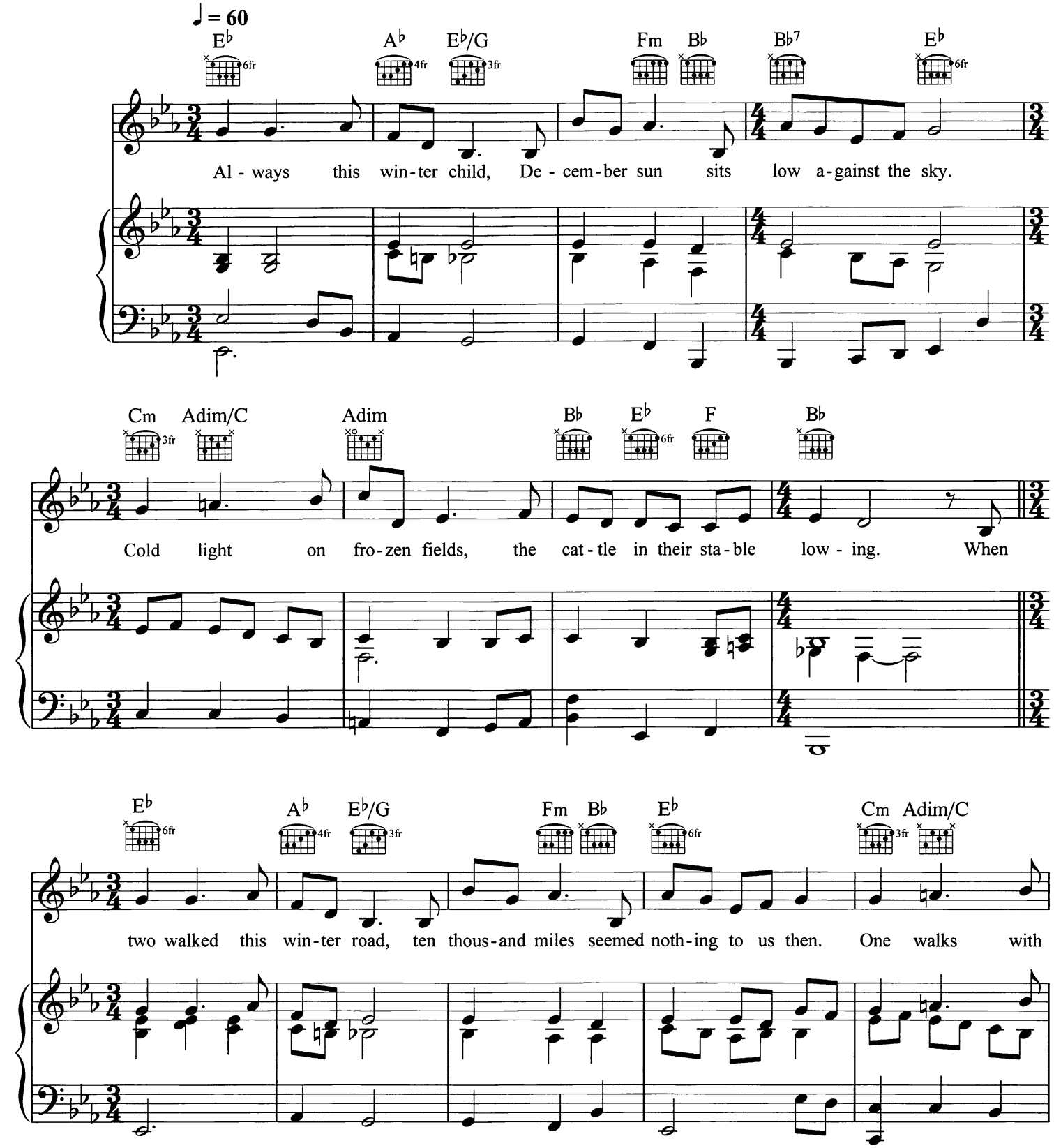

E/A
Am
E/A
plays as best he can.
Bare-foot on the ice, he
Am
E/A
Am
E/A
Am
Am
E/A
shuf - fles to and fro
and his emp - ty plate, it
Am
E/A
Am
E/A
Am
on - ly fills with snow.
And his emp - ty plate, it
E/A
Am
on - ly fills with snow.


E/A
Am
No one wants to hear his hur - dy - gur - dy - song,
Am
E/A
hun - gry dogs sur - round him and be - fore too long;
Am
E/A
Am
E/A
Am
E/A
he will fall a - sleep and then, be - fore too long,
E/A
Am
Am
E/A
Am
E/A
Am
he'll just let it hap - pen, hap - pen come what may.


E/A
Am
Play his hur - dy - gur - dy till his dy - ing day.
E/A
Am
E/A
Am
E/A
Am
Watch - ing you, old man, I
E/A
Am
E/A
Am
E/A
Am
see my - self in you.
One day I will play the hur - dy - gur - dy too.
Am
E/A
A5
5fr

YOU ONLY CROSS MY MIND IN WINTER

Music by J.S. Bach
Words by Sting
Arranged by Sting and Robert Sadin



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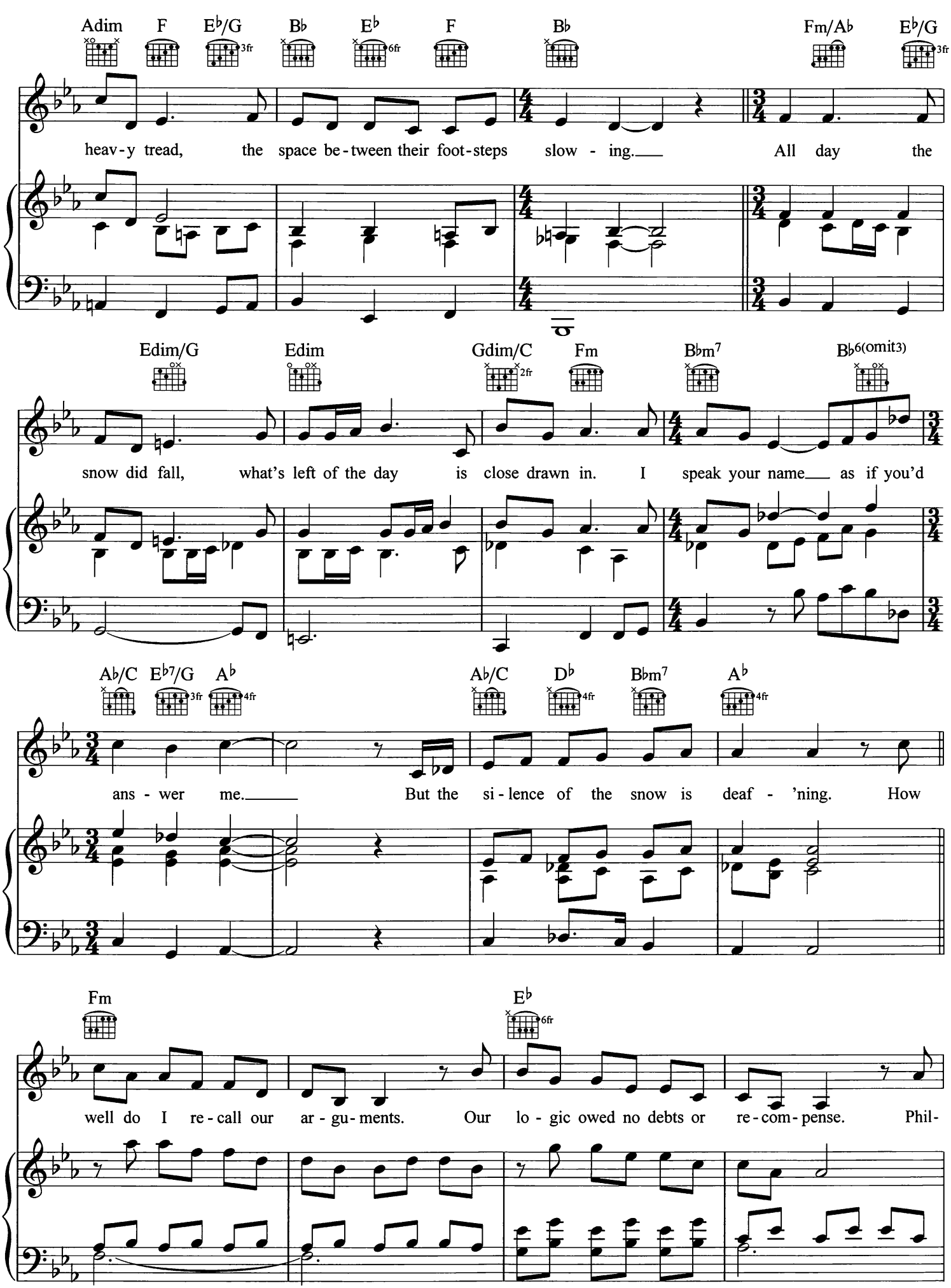
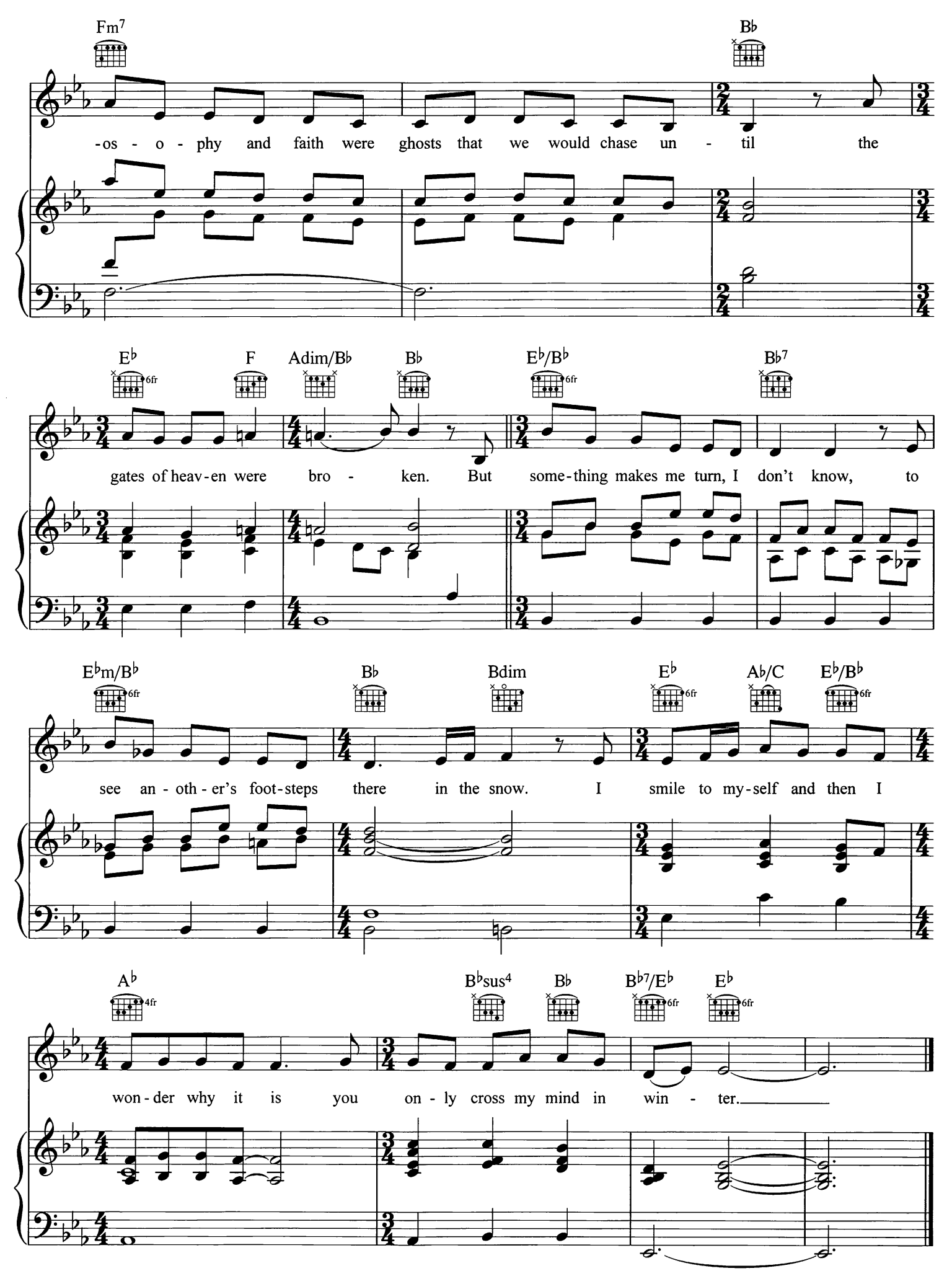

Adim F E♭/G B♭ E♭ F B♭ Fm/A♭ E♭/G
heav-y tread, the space be-tween their foot-steps slow - ing. All day the
Edim/G Edim Gdim/C Fm B♭m7 B♭6(omit3)
snow did fall, what's left of the day is close drawn in. I speak your name as if you'd
A♭/C E♭7/G A♭ A♭/C D♭ B♭m7 A♭
ans - wer me. But the si-lence of the snow is deaf - 'ning. How
Fm E♭
well do I re-call our ar-gu-ments. Our lo-gic owed no debts or re-com-pense. Phil-


Fm7
B♭
-os - o - phy and faith were ghosts that we would chase un - til the
E♭ 6fr
F
Adim/B♭
B♭
E♭/B♭ 6fr
B♭7
gates of heav-en were bro - ken. But some-thing makes me turn, I don't know, to
E♭m/B♭ 6fr
B♭
Bdim
E♭ 6fr
A♭/C
E♭/B♭ 6fr
see an - oth - er's foot-steps there in the snow. I smile to my-self and then I
A♭ 4fr
B♭sus4
B♭
B♭7/E♭ 6fr
E♭ 6fr
won - der why it is you on - ly cross my mind in win - ter.

Inspired by Sting's favourite season, *If On a Winter's Night...* takes traditional music from the British Isles as its starting point and evolves into a compelling and personal journey with music spanning over five centuries (including two of Sting's own songs). An evocative collection of lullabies, carols and songs arranged for piano, voice and guitar, Sting's new album celebrates the many facets of winter – before the snows melt and the cycle of the seasons begin once more.

1 Gabriel's Message
2 Soul Cake
3 There Is No Rose of Such Virtue
4 The Snow It Melts the Soonest
5 Christmas at Sea
6 Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming
7 Cold Song
8 The Burning Babe
9 Now Winter Comes Slowly
10 The Hounds of Winter
11 Balulalow
12 Cherry Tree Carol
13 Lullaby for an Anxious Child
14 Hurdy-Gurdy Man
15 You Only Cross My Mind in Winter

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